Series of National School Books.

SEQUEL

TO THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

LESSONS,

For the Use of Schools.

Authorized by the Council of Public Instructio for Upper Canada.

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NOTE.

THE advance from the Second to the Third Book of Lessons having been found to be not sufficiently gradual, this little book has been published for the purpose of supplying the want.

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SEQUEL

TO THE

SECOND BOOK OF LESSONS.

MONDAY MORNING, OR GOING TO SCHOOL.

ti-dy	bus-i-ness	anx-i-ous
im-por-tant	pour-ing	ex-plain
er-rand	Na-tion-al	Gov-ern-ment
school	thous-and	o-ver-look
pre-cious	trip-ping	suf-fi-cient
cel-e-brate	mis-tress-es	neigh-bour
e-vent	bus-y	an-swer
neigh-bours	mul-ti-tudes	sus-pect

It is Monday morning, and the village, at a certain well-known hour, is quite alive with girls and boys, of every age and size,—their hair combed, their face and hands clean, and —if they are tidy, or have tidy mothers— with neat clothes. The big ones are kindly leading by the hand a little brother, or sister, or neighbour—all on a very important errand :—they are going to school.

It is pleasant to walk through a country town or village on a Monday morning. The children are all looking their cleanest and freshest, and their parents have not that tired worn look which they get towards the end of the week ; for yesterday was Sunday—a day

of rest—a day precious to all Christians. It was the Resurrection day of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead; and all people who call themselves Christians celebrate this event, and consider the day as a holy day. For, however they may differ from their neighbours in other things, in *this* they all feel *alike*, that it is happy news to all that their Redeemer rose from the dead, and still lives for them. Surely it is the quiet, religious happiness of Sunday—the first day of the week—which makes us feel on the second, the first of our work-a-day week, so fresh and strong "to do whatsoever our hand findeth to do."

It is Monday, then. Every school in Great Britain and Ireland is beginning the business of the day. Boys and girls of all ages are pouring by thousands and tens of thousands into the streets, and roads, and lanes—often over bogs and mountains—on their way to school.

But I now speak of the girls and boys of Ireland, and among them, and those only who attend the National Schools, because I know most about them. Of these schools

there are two thousand nine hundred and twelve, and no fewer than three hundred and fifty thousand children attend them!

Three hundred thousand children, then, are tripping forth, like yourselves, every Monday morning to school. Above three thousand masters and mistresses are busy preparing to teach them, and many thousands of parents have just had the comfort of sending out their children to learn what will be good and useful for them now, for their future life, and we hope for ever!

But of all these multitudes of living beings, are there many, are there any, who ever think as they walk along, why they are going to school? or, how it came about that there are schools to go to?

Now, this is just what I want to make you think about. How all these three thousand school-houses came to be built, and the books bought, and the teachers paid—as far as they can be paid for such a hard and anxious task—it is right that you should inquire, and right that you should be told. I will explain the thing as far as I am able.

The Government, that is, those who govern in the Queen's name, get leave of the Parliament, that is, the gentlemen who are chosen to overlook the Government, and watch over the concerns of the people, to set apart a sum of money for building schools, paying teachers, and other expenses belonging to them. But the number of schools required is so great, that this money would not be sufficient, unless the gentry gave their help towards it; and a number of them do give ground and pay part of the expenses when they find that a school is wanted in their neighbourhood. So you see, that there are very many persons in your country, and in England, who are kind and care for you, though most of them never saw you.

Perhaps some dunces or idle ones among you may say, "But I don't like to go to school. I don't want the gentry, or any body else, to build school-houses for me." To such I can make no answer at all, for I suspect that they will never be able to read what I write; but to you who do care about such things, and who wish to know how it is

that so many people give their money, and take trouble to have them taught, I will explain it.

Part Second.

ed-u-ca-tion	con-form	lan-guage
val-ue	ne-ces-sa-ry	es-pe-cial-ly
civ-il	in-ter-rupts	blank
come-ly	in-con-ve-nient	sur-face
li-a-ble	quar-rel-ling	pro-fi-ta-ble
hab-its	prac-tis-ed	de-scend-ed

We think that a good education is one of the chief blessings which we ourselves possess, and therefore we wish to give it to others —to those whose parents cannot afford to pay for it themselves. And that you may see why we value it so much, I will endeavour to explain to you what a good education consists in.

Now, I can best do this, by reminding you how you were trained when you first came to school, and what you have since been taught; for, as many of you came when very young, you may fancy that you were always as orderly in your habits, as gentle, civil, clean

and tidy as we trust you are now. You may remember, indeed, that you did not know how to read and write; but you are very likely to have forgotten how little you knew besides; for your parents, however kind, had not time to instruct you.

First, then, you were taught to come to school, with clean hands, face, and hair; because dirt spoils and dishonours these comely bodies which God has given us, and makes them more liable to disease.

Next, you were taught habits of order,—to put away your things, your hats, or cloaks, or bonnets, in their proper places; to be civil and respectful in your behaviour towards your teachers, and gentle to each other; to be silent during lessons; and to conform to all the other rules of your school.

This was the first part of your education; and these things are taught first, not because they are all in themselves the most important, but because they are necessary to the peace and comfort of others, and therefore to the order of the school. You know how disagreeable it is to sit by a dirty child; how a

noisy one interrupts your lessons; how inconvenient it would be, both to your teacher and yourselves, if each one was allowed to throw his things where he pleased—what quarrelling it would give rise to, and how it would hinder the business of the school. It was necessary, then, that you should first learn to be clean, civil, gentle, and orderly; for this is *part of your duty to your neighbour*, and must be practised at your homes, and wherever you may be, through life.

The next things you learn are for your own use and advantage. You learn to read. I wish I could make you perceive what an advantage you gain by knowing how to read. Mind, I do not, by *reading*, mean merely repeating aloud the words and sentences in your book, but understanding the meaning of them, as you understand the conversation of any one who speaks to you. When you read them to yourselves, they are to you a silent language, which your mind takes in from your eye instead of your ear. Of course, you may make a bad use of reading, for there are bad books in the world, as well as good

ones, which you may read; but so you may make a bad use of any of God's gifts—of speaking especially, as I fear many people do.

Before you learned to read, you knew very little about things, and places, and people, beyond the place where your own friends lived, and not much even about that. The face of nature was a blank to you; for you had never learned to think about what you saw. You knew nothing about the sun, and moon, and stars; very little of the things which grow out of the earth, or of the creatures which live upon it; very little about the clothes you wear, or the commonest things in your homes; and perhaps nothing about other people and other countries, or any of those things which you have since learned from your books.

But now you know something about this world on which we live; its mountains, its rivers, its trees, and its plants; what the earth contains in its bosom, and what animals live upon its surface. You have also learned many amusing and useful things about your fellow-creatures, both those of your own nation, and those belonging to other countries.

This is much, but this is not all, nor the best part of what you have been taught. You have read such portions of the Word of God as were thought most profitable for you; how God made the world; who first lived in it, and how they conducted themselves; the history of the flood, and of the family preserved in an ark during that flood, from whom the human race is descended; the history of God's chosen people, the Jews; and last, but above all, the history of our Lord Jesus Christ—of his life, his conversations, his miracles, his death on the cross for us, his resurrection from the dead, his ascension into heaven, of the gift of his Holy Spirit, and of the miracles performed by his apostles and followers.

Now, though you had probably heard of these things before from your Clergy, it is a great blessing to be able to read them for yourselves, and to read them to your friends, especially to the sick, who most of all feel the want of such comfort and instruction.

Part Third.

lei-sure	pa-tient	en-roll-ed
un-der-take	do-cile	pa-trons
chol-ar	laugh-ed	tal-ent
dif-fi-cul-ty	ig-nor-ant	judg-ment
per-se-ver-ing	know-ledge	pa-ti-ent

A few years ago there were not schools in every town, and almost every village, as there are now; and I once lived near a small country town in the eastern part of England, where very few of the grown-up people knew how to read. They were therefore very ignorant, and very dull. They did not know the pleasure of a book in their hours of leisure, and would go to the beer-house or spirit-house, to drink and pass away their evening hours, especially of a Sunday. The clergyman who was set over them was very sorry to see this state of things; so he talked to the people about it, and finding many of them willing to undertake the labor of learning to read, (for it is a much harder task to grown persons than to children,) he promised

to have them taught and to help to teach them.

Now, there lived in this town a worthy man, who, though poor, was a good scholar, and wished his neighbours to be so too; and when he heard what the clergyman said about teaching the people to read, he was very glad, and offered to give his help, and also to lend his room, which was a large one, for them to meet in.

So the clergyman invited all those who were desirous of learning to read, to come twice in the week to this room; and he had a good fire and plenty of light, to make them comfortable in the winter evenings. Then several kind persons belonging to the town, besides the owner of the room, used to come in and help to teach; for grown people require more teachers than children, as they have more difficulty in learning, and less time to spare for it.

These grown-up scholars, observe, would come to learn, after laboring hard all day, often very tired, through the cold of the winter evenings, and after the heat of summer

—as persevering and patient as one might expect in men, as docile and humble as if they had been children. They were not ashamed to be laughed at by such of their neighbours as had more learning than themselves, or by such as did not care to have any learning at all. They had made up their minds that it was a good thing to learn to read, they had found some one to teach them, and they were now ashamed only of continuing ignorant.

Such is the value which those who are wise set upon knowledge. They think that he who has a good book on his shelf, has a friend laid up there. Now, such a friend you may, each one of you, carry away with you on leaving school.

Leaving school! Yes; all these three hundred thousand children, whose names are now enrolled on our books, will, in a few years, take their leave of school, and patrons, and teachers, and companions. But it will be well for you all to remember, when you go forth into life, that though it is in your power to turn your backs on all the good things you

have learned, though you may forget or neglect them, you cannot be as if you had never been taught.

You have received, in a good education, a gift, or, as it is called in Scripture, a talent; and the use you make of it through your lives, will be one of those things you will have to give an account of at the day of judgment.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

To the Tune of "*God save the Queen.*"

guard	scene	righ-teous
ex-tend	reign	isle
trans-form'd	main-tain	broth-ers
friend	foe	in-spire

God bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore!

May peace her powers extend,
Foe be transform'd to friend;
And may her power depend
On war no more.

Through ev'ry changing scene,
Oh Lord! preserve the Queen—
Long may she reign!
Her head inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty!
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore.

Lord! make the nations see,
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

THE HISTORY OF COLUMBUS, AND HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Part First.

re-gions	mer-chant	re-flect-ing
ven-tur-ed	man-age-ment	Eu-ro-pe-ans
Ma-dei-ra	ex-pe-ri-en-ced	ex-is-tence
Ca-na-ry	urg-ed	en-ter-prise
A-zore	ex-tend	dis-ap-point-ed
ex-plor-ed	oc-cur-rence	o-blig-ed
eharts	dis-cov-er	fa-tigue
guide	ad-ven-tur-er	re-liev-ed
Ge-no-a	sup-pos-i-tion	pa-lace
for-eign	cu-ri-ous	em-bark
ge-o-gra-phy	fea-tures	ex-pe-di-tion
oc-cu-pi-ed	oc-cur-ring	oc-ca-sion

THE parts of the world which were known 400 years ago were Europe, Asia, and Africa. The people of those regions traded with

one another, and believed themselves to be the only inhabitants of the world. They had never ventured to sail out into the great ocean that surrounded them.

The most westerly lands known to the people of Europe were the Madeira Islands, the Canary Islands, and the Azore Islands. And when we look into the map, and see how far out in the great sea those islands are situated, we cannot but admire the bravery of the man who first dared to venture out so far as to reach them. Sailors now, indeed, cross all parts of the Atlantic Ocean without much danger; but those who first discovered these islands, and explored the ocean which surrounds them, had no charts to guide their course.

About this time, Christopher Columbus was born. His father was a poor hard-working man, who lived in Genoa, a city of Italy. Poor as he was, however, he took care that his son should be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Columbus was fond of studying maps, and reading accounts of foreign countries. The

subject of geography, as he grew up, occupied more of his time than any other employment, and the pleasure he derived from this study made him long to visit other countries. At fourteen years of age he became a sailor; and during his youth he sailed about the Mediterranean, sometimes in merchant vessels, and sometimes in men of war. He endured many hardships, but he gained the advantage of learning the management of a ship; and thus became, while yet a young man, an experienced and clever sailor.

His daring spirit soon urged him to extend his voyages beyond the Mediterranean. He sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Atlantic, and made a voyage to the west coast of Africa. During these voyages he carefully observed every new occurrence, and stored up all the knowledge that he could obtain from other sailors.

It was by these observations and inquiries that he was first led to suppose that there might be land to the westward of the Azores. "The Azores," thought he, "were once unknown, but it only required some man a

little bolder than others to discover them; and why may there not be land to the westward of the Azores also, which it only remains for some other fortunate adventurer to make known!"

Some of the facts which encouraged Columbus to persevere in this supposition of the existence of land to the west of the Azores are very curious. He had learned that, at Madeira and the Azores, trunks of huge pine trees, such as did not grow in these islands, had been washed on shore by westerly winds. Pieces of wood, cut in strange shapes and curiously carved, had been picked up. But, above all, two dead bodies of men, with features quite unlike those of the people of Europe, Asia, or Africa, had been cast on one of these islands, and had occasioned much wonder.

These strange circumstances, occurring at different times, appear to have been regarded as mere objects of idle curiosity; till Columbus, reflecting on them, was led to think that the trees must have grown on land, that the carved wood must have been worked by men's

hands, and that, as all these things came from the west, land, as yet unknown to Europeans, was to be found in that direction.

So convinced did Columbus become of the existence of new countries towards the west, that he was willing to risk his own life, and to sail over that vast untried ocean in search of them. But he was a poor man, with neither money nor rich friends to assist him. Even if he could have procured a ship, he had no rewards to offer, with which to persuade daring men to accompany him in the enterprise.

At length he resolved to try to persuade the king or governor of some country to fit out for him the necessary ships, so that he might go at once and make the intended discovery.

Having been born in Genoa, he first offered his plan to the chief men of that city; but they only laughed at him, and refused to listen to or assist him. Much disappointed, but still resolved to persevere, he went to the King of Portugal. At this time the

Portuguese were the best sailors in Europe, and had made the longest voyages. Columbus was not laughed at this time, but he was treated dishonestly. Pretending to listen to him, the King of Portugal got from him part of his plan; and then, refusing to assist him, sent out one of his own captains with some ships to make the very discovery which the ill-used Columbus had been the first to propose. However, the captain who was sent out did not succeed: he met with stormy weather, became alarmed, and soon returned to Portugal.

As soon as Columbus learned the return of these ships, he departed for Spain. He was so poor that he was obliged to beg as he went along.

One cold windy night, a stranger carrying a young child on his back, arrived at a small village in Andalusia, a province of Spain. He begged for bread and water, saying that he and his child were faint with hunger and fatigue. Some kind people took him into their house and relieved him. This stranger was Columbus, journeying

towards Cordova, which was then the chief town of Spain, and the residence of the King and Queen. The people who assisted him in his misery were so much interested in his behalf that they gave him money to continue his journey, and some of them even went with him, and when they arrived at Cordova, presented Columbus to the

Queen, and obtained her promise to support him.

But his difficulties were not yet over—many years passed away before the Queen could resolve really to perform her promise. During this time Columbus had need of much patience; the people about the palace were too ignorant to understand his reasons for believing there might be countries beyond the seas, and they laughed at him for his poverty, and called him a dreamer.

At last, the Queen gave orders that three ships should be delivered to him, and furnished him with money to engage sailors and prepare every thing for the voyage. Disappointment, however, still awaited poor Columbus; the sailors disliked to go; they were afraid to embark on such an expedition, and refused to accompany him.

An order from the Queen at last forced 120 men on board the vessels. Their friends took leave of them as of men who were never to return. Columbus, full of hope and joy, cheered them with assurances of success; but he still saw only despair in the countenances

of the sailors. Two of his friends joined the expedition, and to each of them he gave the command of a vess'.

Part Second.

haz-ard-ous	sound-ings	hor-i-zon
leak-y	ex-haust-ed	glim-mer-ing
ac-ci-dent	des-pon-den-cy	lux-u-ri-ant
ob-sti-nate	op-por-tu-ni-ty	spark-ling
drift-ed	gra-ti-fy	re-treat-ing
ea-ger	anx-i-e-ty	sig-ni-fy

The ships given him to undertake a long and hazardous voyage were old and almost worn out; two of them, indeed, were little better than open boats. On the 3d of August, 1492, the vessels sailed. Columbus first directed his course to the Canary Islands, intending, when he had reached them, to steer due west.

At the Canary Islands he was detained some time, repairing his old and leaky vessels. On the 6th of September he again set sail; and now began the real dangers and difficulties of Columbus. It required all his

patience and courage to bear up against the many troubles he met with. His sailors had, from the beginning, opposed him as much as they dared, from their dislike to their voyage. But when they had lost sight of Feroe, the most western of the Canary Islands, and saw themselves in the midst of the vast untried ocean, their fears became so great that they actually cried like children.

"We shall never, never again return to our own homes!" they exclaimed; "we shall never again see our friends and children! we shall be swallowed up in the waves of the unknown sea! Oh! foolish men that we were, why did we consent to accompany this mad Columbus!"

In vain did Columbus beg them to remember that their voyage had hitherto been without storm or alarming accident, and that, therefore, they had really nothing to complain of. These childish men were obstinate in their fears.

A few days after sailing from the Canaries, the ships of Columbus came within the influence of a favourable wind, and so

beautifully did it waft them along that, for a time, it cheered even the discontented sailors. When they had proceeded some distance, they met with large patches of sea-weed, and also with land plants, drifted from the west. Columbus supposed, from these appearances, that they would soon fall in with land. One of the sailors discovered a live crab on a patch of sea-weed,—another proof to Columbus that land was near; for crabs are generally picked up at low tide on the sea shore.

The sailors were now as eager to discover the expected land as they had been unwilling to sail in search of it. They continually mistook the distant clouds for the desired shore, and shouted, "Land! land!" When these shouts were heard by Columbus, much as he wished the guess to prove true, he still doubted. A common, though not certain, sign of land is the gradually decreasing depth of the water. Therefore, Columbus ordered the lead to be thrown overboard, to take what is called "soundings." The sea-line, with which soundings are taken, is a long rope with a

piece of lead fastened to the end of it. When seamen wish to know the depth of the water they throw the lead into the sea, and allow the line to run out till the lead reaches the bottom.

Disappointment awaited Columbus; for, on sounding, he could find no bottom, and he feared he was not so near land as the sailors expected. They became again troublesome, and tormented their brave leader with their fretful and ignorant fears.

There was, however, some cause for uneasiness, as their ships were old, and, had they met with storms, they might have been sunk. Besides, it was possible that their stock of provisions might be exhausted before they reached land, and, of course, they must then perish with hunger.

In the midst of this despondency, some breezes from the west sprung up; and the change of weather was followed by a sight which gladdened their eyes—several little birds visited the ships. They came regularly in the morning, and flew away in the evening. Their chirping and singing were sweet music

in the sailors' ears. It was the first sound of land that they had heard since leaving the Canaries. "My friends," said Columbus, "now you may have hopes of seeing the wished for land. These birds must have a nest or home somewhere near. They are so fresh and lively that their journey to us cannot have been long and fatiguing."

This general content, however, did not last long. The wind ceased entirely, and the ships remained motionless; the sea was so thickly covered with weeds that it looked like a green marsh flooded with water. The sailors were exceedingly frightened at seeing that the ships did not move. They forgot that such accidents sometimes happened on the seas which they had been accustomed to sail upon, and fancied that the ships were stuck fast in the weeds, and that they had arrived at the end of the ocean. They even threatened to throw Columbus into the sea unless he consented to give up his voyage, and take the first opportunity of returning to Spain.

"What!" exclaimed Columbus, "give up

the voyage, now that we have almost found the land we seek! Surely no man among you can be so cowardly! Sail with me but a few days longer." In order to gratify his men Columbus altered the course of the ships to the south-west.

Signs of land now became more frequent. Not only were fresh green herbs seen, but leaves of trees floated past the ships. A branch with red berries, and a stick, carved in a strange manner, were also picked up.

So near was land believed to be, that, as the ships were going at a great rate through the water, Columbus, in order to guard against accidents, determined to keep watch all night. Anxiety and restlessness were general in all the ships: no one went to sleep; every one was looking out for land.

Though Columbus had, to his men, always appeared cheerful and confident, he felt within himself occasional doubts and uneasiness. As he sat on deck, gazing earnestly into the horizon, he thought he saw, through the darkness, a light glimmering faintly at a great distance. He called up one of his

crew, and asked him if he saw any thing in the direction which he pointed out to him. "Yes," said the man, "I see a light." Columbus clasped his hands together and exclaimed, "It is so! it must be so!"

He now felt certain, that he had found land, and that it was inhabited. They sailed on: at two o'clock, one of the ships, which was in advance of the others, fired a gun; joyful sound! it was the signal of land. "Land! land!" was shouted from ship to ship, with one glad voice. The rest of the night was spent by the sailors in talking over the expected sight which the morning was to bring. "Shall we find people in this new country?" asked the men one of another. "Shall we find houses and cities like those of Spain? Shall we find men like ourselves, or strange monsters, who will be as fierce and cruel as they are frightful?"

In this way the time passed till the dawn appeared, and then they beheld an island that seemed, to their eyes, so long used to the sight of nothing but sky and sea, the most

beautiful they had ever beheld. The trees were so luxuriant, as to appear a never ending grove; the sea along the shore was clear and sparkling. As the day advanced, people were seen running from the woods towards the shore, and then again retreating among the trees, showing by their manner, that they were astonished at the sight of the ships.

Columbus ordered the boats to be got ready, and entered one of them with some of his crew; impatient to place his foot on the land which he had discovered, he was the first to spring on shore. As soon as his companions had landed, he planted the flag of the king of Spain on the coast; meaning to signify, that this new land henceforth belonged to that king. In doing so, he only followed the orders he had received; but these orders were unjust, because the land was already occupied by others.

Part Third.

San-Sal-va-dor	red-dish	re-port
dis-guis-ed	an-chor	shat-ter-ed
clothes	trin-kets	weath-er-ed
fan-ci-ful	er-ro-ne-ous-ly	straight

Columbus gave the name of San-Salvador to the island which he had discovered. On looking in the map, it will be found among the islands called the Bahamas.

The simple and ignorant people who inhabited this island on seeing the Spaniards

approach the shore, were so alarmed, that they fled to the thickest parts of the woods. But after a time, as their curiosity got the better of their fear, they began gradually to come forth from their hiding-places.

They supposed that both ships and men had, during the night, risen out of the waters, or come down from the clouds. The sails they mistook for wings, and the sound and flash of the guns for thunder and lightning. Disguised as they were with their clothes and armour, the sailors did not seem to them men like themselves. Every thing was so new and strange to them, that their mistakes and surprise are not to be wondered at. They themselves wore no clothing; but had their bodies painted in various colours and fanciful patterns. The natural colour of their skins was a reddish brown, and their hair was straight and black. They had not, like the Spanish sailors, beards growing on their chins; and their only arms were wooden lances, pointed with fish bones.

When Columbus offered them a few coloured glass beads, and some bright brass

bells, they soon forgot their fears, and flocked down to the shore in great numbers. As the hour of sunset approached, the three boats again put off from the shore, and joined the ships that remained at anchor.

Columbus was so much pleased with his new discovery, that he did not continue his voyage for some days. He also wished to make friends with the natives, whom he found mild and gentle. In return for the trinkets they had received from the Spaniards, they brought fruit and various kinds of roots to them, besides some balls of cotton. These friendly natives did a still greater service to the Spaniards; the fruits, &c., they might have done without, but they could not live without water; and, owing to the length of the voyage, they had drunk nearly all that they had brought from the Canaries. Springs of fresh water abounded in the island, and the natives not only pointed out the best and largest, but assisted the Spaniards to fill their casks, and roll them to and from the boats.

Columbus, having thus refreshed his men,

and supplied the ships with water, again set sail. He proceeded in a southerly direction, because he understood from the signs of the natives that he would find a larger island in that direction. On the 28th of October he arrived at the large island of Cuba. Still, he had not discovered the continent of America. The islands he had visited he called the West Indies, because he erroneously supposed them near to India, though they are many thousand miles distant. They still keep the name given to them by Columbus.

After these discoveries, he determined to return home and report his success. His voyage had hitherto been without storms; his return to Europe, however, was not so fortunate. A dreadful tempest arose when he was near the Azores. He expected every instant, that his frail and worn-out vessels would be shattered by the fury of the winds, or dashed to pieces by the waves.

Fortunately, however, all the ships weathered the storm, and returned to Spain in safety. The news of the arrival of Colum-

bus, and of the discovery which he had made, filled the people with joy and wonder. Their absence had been so long, that they were given up for lost; therefore, the rejoicing of their friends was very great. The bells were rung, all the shops closed, and the people flocked in crowds to the harbour, to see Columbus land. The sight was, indeed, remarkable. First walked Columbus, followed by some of his crew carrying beautiful parrots, cotton, nd various other plants, and animals, which they had brought from the new world. Then came the most curious sight of all—six natives of Cuba, who were painted after the manner of their country. The streets were so thronged, that the sailors could hardly get along, while the shouts of joy and welcome were so loud as to be quite deafening. Columbus, occupied with his own thoughts, walked along in silence. In the midst of all this rejoicing, he could not but remember the time when he had first arrived at this very town, with his little son on his back, and had been obliged to beg his bread.

For a long time, nothing but Columbus and the "new world," as the Spaniards called it, were talked of. He was received with kindness by the King and Queen, rewarded with numerous presents, and shortly afterwards, was engaged to make another voyage, that he might proceed with his new discoveries.

NOTE.—It was not till his third voyage that Columbus discovered the continent of America.

PERSEVERANCE; OR, THE HISTORY OF WILLIAM HUTTON.

FROM AN ACCOUNT WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Part First.

shires	hard-ships	in-dus-try
oc-ca-sions	for-lorn	de-test-ed
por-ridge	scan-ty	se-rene
por-tion	ex-pir-ed	ir-ri-ta-ted
a-mends	stin-gy	in-flic-ted
pat-tens	grudg-ed	re-solv-ed

WILLIAM HUTTON was born in Derby, a town in one of the Midland shires of England, in a small house on the banks of the Derwent. His history shows what may be done by steadiness, perseverance, activity, and love of knowledge.

He was sent to school at five years old. When only six, his mother found him steady enough, to have the charge of his little brothers and sisters, when his father was at work, and she herself obliged to leave home.

On these occasions, though he was not the eldest, it was his business to divide the

mess of milk porridge which served for their breakfast—to give to each his share, and to carry out his father's portion before he touched his own.

It happened one morning, that, in dividing the porridge, he forgot his father's share. He had seated himself with his little brothers and sisters at table, and while they were eating their breakfast, he recollected with surprise that he had forgotten his father. Hutton, in relating this story of himself, says, "I proposed that each of us should give up some of his own portion to make up one for my father. My eldest brother refused; I then took a little from the others, and all my own, to make amends, and this I carried to my father."

So we see that his mother was not wrong in trusting so young a child with this important business.

When William was only seven years old, he was obliged to give up school, for he was sent to work at a silk mill, though he was so small that he could not reach his work, and they were obliged to fasten a pair

of high pattens to his feet, in order to make him tall enough.

For seven years he continued at this work, getting up at five o'clock every morning, and enduring many hardships; for he was beaten with a cane whenever his master was out of humour. Poor little fellow! some of the hardships he met with, may be seen from this little story which he tells of himself in an account of his early life:—

"In the Christmas holidays, when I was eight years old, it happened, on the 27th of December, that there fell some snow, and afterwards there was a sharp frost; a thaw came on in the afternoon, but in the same night the ground was again caught by frost, so that the streets were as slippery as glass. I did not wake on the morning after that night, till daylight seemed to appear. I rose in tears, for fear of being punished because I was too late, and I went to my father's bed-side to ask the hour; he believed it was late, so I ran out quite terrified, and, in running on the slippery ground, fell nine times in the course of two

hundred yards! Observing, as I came near the mill, that there was no light in it, I perceived that I had been deceived by the reflection of the snow, which I mistook for the light of the sun; it struck two as I returned, and as I now went with care, I only fell twice."

Two years after this, he lost his mother, and now his hardships increased. His mother, in spite of their poverty, had contrived many little things for the comfort of her family, and now she was gone, his father, instead of increasing his exertions, went to the ale-house, became a confirmed drunkard, and entirely neglected his family.

"My mother dead," says William Hutton, "my father at the ale-house, and I among strangers, my life was forlorn. I was almost without a home, nearly without clothes, and had very scanty food."

When William's time of service with his first master was expired, and he was about fourteen, he went to Nottingham to work with his uncle, who was a stocking-weaver. His uncle treated him kindly in general, and

his aunt was not unkind, though, being a stingy woman, she grudged him his food.

He had one serious quarrel with his uncle which led to his falling into a great fault, and to his suffering severely; but his uncle seems to have been more to blame than himself.

There was one week in the year during which there was much merry-making at Nottingham; and on this occasion, young Hutton, like the other young people of the town, was rather idle. He worked very hard all the rest of the year, and it would have been just and kind in his uncle to give him a holiday. "But my uncle," says Hutton, "thought that I should never return to industry. He was angry at my neglect, and declared that, if I did not perform my tasks that day, he would thrash me at night. I had been idle, I am sorry to say, and one hour of my working task was still unfinished. I hoped that my former industry would atone for the present idleness; but my uncle had passed his word, and did not wish to break it.

"'You have not done the task I ordered,' said he. I was silent. 'Was it in your power to have done it?' I was still silent. 'Could you have done it?' he repeated. As I ever detested lying, I could not think of sheltering myself from a rising storm by such means, for we both knew that I had often done twice as much. I therefore answered in a low, meek voice—'I could.' 'Then,' said my uncle, 'I'll make you;' and he immediately brought a birch-broom handle, and repeated his blows with it till I thought he would have broken me in pieces. The windows were open, the evening calm, the sky serene, and everything mild but myself and my uncle."

How unjust does passion make people! Yet it is better to get a beating than to tell a lie.

The next day his uncle seemed sorry for what had happened; he sent for William, and invited him to share some fruit. "But," says Hutton, "my wounds were too deep to be healed with cherries."

Irritated at the cruel punishment inflicted

on him, Hutton resolved to take a wrong and rash step, for which he afterwards suffered severely; but as he seems to have had no one to tell him his duty, we may not wonder that he sometimes fell into faults. He determined to run away from his uncle's house.

He packed up his best clothes and some food, in two bags, set off from his uncle's house, travelled all day, and at ten o'clock at night arrived at Derby, his native town.

Part Second.

per-ceiv-ed	re-con-cile	strug-gle
re-lief	in-ge-nu-i-ty	pru-dence
dwin-dled	con-vey-ance	con-quer-ed
char-ac-ter	fa-tigue	e-con-o-my

"At Derby," says he, "I took a view of my father's house, where I supposed all was asleep. But before I was aware, I perceived the door open, and I heard my father's foot-step not three yards from me. I retreated quickly, for I dared not enter.

"Adjoining the town of Derby is a field called Abbey-barns, where I used to play when a child. Here I took up my abode for the night, upon the cold grass, in a damp place, with the sky only over my head, and the bags by my side."

At four o'clock next morning, William arose, sore and stiff, and set out for Burton, where he arrived the same morning, having travelled twenty-eight miles. In the evening he reached Lichfield, placed his bags in a barn near that town, and went to look for some place where he could pass the night. On his return, he found that some thief had carried off his bags.

Terror seized him when he perceived that his clothes and food were gone. "I roared after the thief," says he, "but I might as well have been silent: thieves do not come at a call. I was too much distressed to find relief in tears. I spent some time in running about the fields and roads, lamenting and calling. I told my tale, and described the bags to every one I met; I found pity, or seeming pity, from all, but help from none.

My hearers dwindled away with the twilight, and by eleven o'clock I found myself alone in the open street.

"I had scarcely any money, I was a stranger, without food to eat, or a place to sleep in; so I sought rest in the street on a butcher's block."

The next day, unable to procure work, but still seeking it, he went on to Birmingham; here he was equally unfortunate about work, yet he met with an act of kindness from a stranger, which was a great comfort in his forlorn condition. He was sitting down to rest about seven in the evening in Philip's Street, when two men, with aprons on, who had been observing him attentively, came up to him. One of them said, "You seem, from your forlorn looks, and dusty shoes, to be a poor traveller, without money or friends." Hutton told him that he was so. "If you choose," said e, "to accept a pint of ale, it is at your service; I myself know what it is to be a distressed traveller." So saying, they took him to a house near, gave him bread, cheese,

and beer, and provided him with a lodging for the night.

Hutton went afterwards to other places, but could get no employment; he could not give a satisfactory account of himself, and of course no one would employ him without a character. But at length he had the good fortune to meet with a townsman of his own, who advised him to return to his uncle.

He first went to Derby to his father, who received him kindly, and sent to his uncle to try to reconcile him to his nephew. He succeeded; the uncle and nephew exchanged forgiveness. "But," says Hutton, "the sense of my misconduct damped my spirits, and sunk me in the eyes of others. I did not get over it for some time."

Soon after William Hutton's return to his uncle, an old man of the name of Webb, who had met with misfortune, and wished to end his days in peace, came to live with them. "He was," Hutton tells us, "one of the best of men, most sensible, and formed to instruct young people; it was

my good fortune to attend on him, sleep with him, and love him as a father. I tried to profit by him, and I listened by the hour together to him and his friends, all sensible men."

But William did not long enjoy his friend's compan . Mr. Webb died a year after.

Though engaged in hard labour, William was always fond of books, but his poverty and want of friends prevented his having many to read, and the few he obtained were old and shabby. But now observe his industry and ingenuity. He watched a book-binder who used to work in his neighbourhood, and soon learned how to bind his shabby books, and make them look neat. He bought such wretched old books as no one else would buy. He also got a broken-down press for two shillings, which had been laid aside as useless, for firewood. But he contrived to put it to rights, and it served him as a binding-press afterwards for forty-two years.

He had now saved money enough from his

wages, to buy a tolerably genteel suit of clothes, and was so careful of them, that they continued his best for five years.

In the September of this year his uncle died. For several years after this event, he continued to struggle on, in the greatest poverty, supporting himself partly by book-binding, and partly by stocking-weaving.

At length he determined to make a journey to London, to buy the materials which he wanted for book-binding, which he knew he would be able to get much cheaper there than at Nottingham. With the help of his friends, he collected a little money, and set off on Monday, the 8th of April. He could spare no money for coaches or other conveyance, and therefore resolved to go on foot, a distance of 125 miles. But he was not to be diverted from his purpose by a little pain or fatigue,—he reached London in three days. Here he bought the materials he wanted for his trade, contrived, in spite of fatigue, to see some of the curious things it contains, and then returned to Nottingham.

William Hutton's plan was, to open a little shop in some market town near Nottingham. He took a little stall at Southwell, accordingly; collected a few books, put up some shelves himself, and began business as a book-binder. As his family lived in Nottingham, he had to set out at five in the morning on market days, to be in time at his stall in Southwell, and this during the dark and wet days of winter—while he walked back, a distance of fourteen miles, in the evening.

By the following year, he had saved enough to enable him to leave Southwell, and open a shop in Birmingham, where, by his prudence and industry, he succeeded very well. But it was not till he had been a whole year at Birmingham, that he ventured to treat himself to a new suit of clothes.

William Hutton had now conquered all his difficulties; his business improved every year, till at length he had saved money enough to buy a large stock of paper, and he added the trade of paper-selling to that

of book-selling and binding. By these means, and his own economy, he became one of the richest men in Birmingham, and, what is far more, one of the best. His leisure time was spent in reading and gaining knowledge, teaching his family, making peace between his neighbours whenever disputes arose among them, and doing other acts of kindness; and he was known as one of the best informed, as well as most useful and respected, men in Birmingham.

He died at the age of ninety-two, and was so strong and active to the last, that he took a walk of ten miles on his ninetieth birth-day.

OUR ANCESTORS—WE ARE ALL OF ONE RACE.

Part First.

mil-lions	re-noun-ced	an-te-di-lu-vi-ans
lan-guage	se-par-a-tion	suc-ces-sive
an-cient	ac-know-ledge	fresh-ness
re-cord-ed	pro-cess	re-pre-sent
ban-ish-ment	cor-rupt	mu-tu-al
his-to-ry	gen-er-a-tion	

We who inhabit these islands of Great Britain and Ireland, form but a very small portion of the people of this earth, which is supposed to contain about eight hundred millions of inhabitants.

Yet this multitude of human beings, so different in colour, in language, and in habits, are all of the same race.

We must not look for the birth-place of our race either in Ireland, in England, or in any part of Europe, as you well know, but in Asia. Turn to the ancient map of Asia, and look somewhere between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, in or near a country

called Chaldea: there you will find the recorded dwelling of our first parents, after they were driven out from the garden of Eden.

After the murder of Abel and the banishment of Cain, the eldest sons of Adam and Eve, other children were born to them, and it is from one of these, from Seth, that the present human race are descended.

The Bible records the history of the children of Cain, and of the children of Seth, who appear to have been early distinguished from each other.

The sons of Seth are said to have called themselves by the name of the Lord, whom they worshipped—"Sons of God;" while the children of Cain renounced the divine worship; and it is supposed that it was the daughters of his race that were called the "Daughters of men;" we may, therefore, suppose that the sons of this race were called the "Sons of men," to mark their separation from those who acknowledged and served God, and who were hence called "*Sons of God.*"

In process of time, "the sons" or "people of God" were induced to intermarry with "the daughters of men," and the next thing we hear of is, "that the earth was corrupt and full of violence."

In one family only, even of the children of Seth, was the worship of God preserved, and his laws obeyed; viz., in that of Noah. "Noah was a just man, and perfect in all his generation;" and he was therefore chosen to preserve the race of mankind, when the Almighty saw fit to destroy the rest of the inhabitants of the world by a flood.

I do not mean to speak of the flood, as you know its history well; but, before I leave the people before the flood, or, as they are called, *antediluvians*, I must notice to you their long lives.

Adam lived 930 years; so that though 1656 years passed betwen the creation and the flood, there were in all this time only nine generations, or successive families, of men. And Adam, who lived 700 years after the birth of Seth, must have been alive in

the days of Lamech, Noah's father; so that Noah might have heard through his father, from Adam's own mouth, the history of the creation, and the fall of man; and these great events were thus delivered, in all their freshness, to those who were to represent Adam upon earth;—to the one family, from whom the world was to be once more peopled.

Part Second.

set-tled	stock	en-light-en-ed
sub-sid-ed	pre-fer	hea-then
an-ces-tor	tribes	scorn-ed
Ne-gro	col-on-ists	in-clud-ing
Hot-ten-tot	an-cient-ly	at-tempt-ed
Ne-groes	sur-viv-ed	ex-press-ly

Shem, Ham, and Japhet, the three sons of Noah, settled, it is supposed, in those regions of Asia around mount Ararat, in Armenia, where the Ark rested when the waters of the flood subsided, and, as their families multiplied, spread themselves over the neighbouring countries, and passed over to Europe.

Shem was the ancestor of the Jews, the Persians, and several other nations of Asia.

Ham was the ancestor of the Canaanites, Egyptians, and also, it is supposed, of the Negro and Hottentot races. Though these last differ so, in colour and appearance, from Ham's other descendants, and also from ourselves, that those who have seen those black races—you yourselves, perhaps, who may have seen some of the negroes who have been brought to this country—may think it strange, that men so unlike each other, could have descended from the same stock.

But if we consider what varieties of colour and form, are found in brutes of the same race, it will cease to surprise us. There are black and white sheep, you know, and the white prevails, only because we prefer to keep up that breed. So in cattle, and dogs, the greatest variety exists, far greater than that between ourselves and negroes.

Some of Japhet's descendants, among whom, it is supposed. were our forefathers,

passed over into Europe, and spread through it; and several tribes of them extended gradually northward, as they were driven out from their first settlements by stronger tribes. In process of time, and at various periods, some of these tribes, either in escape from their enemies, or in quest of unoccupied land, or else driven by winds and wrecked, landed on these islands. The sea coasts would, naturally, be the first inhabited. Then, perhaps, stronger adventurers landed, and drove the first colonists to the inland and mountainous parts; and in this way the whole island would, in course of time, be settled.

The original inhabitants of England, Ireland, and Scotland, were chiefly Celtic tribes; and their language was in Ireland called Erse or Irish, and in Scotland Gælic; another branch of the same language is still spoken in Wales, and was anciently used all over Britain. But now, though there are many parts of Ireland where the Irish is still spoken, it has fallen into disuse wherever the people are educated, or have mixed much with their neighbours.

I have now traced back our race to its origin, through the one single family who survived the flood, (that of Noah,) to Adam and Eve, the common parents of mankind; and I have done this, in order to make you think on the kind of relationship in which we stand to each other.

The most enlightened of the ancient heathen did not know this fact of our being descended from one single pair. The Greeks, for instance, would have scorned the idea of being descended from the same parent as ourselves, whom they would have called barbarians. It was very offensive, therefore, to them, when the Apostle Paul, in preaching to the people of Athens (a Greek city), declared that "God has made of *one blood* all nations of men, for to dwell on the face of the earth."

Now the Jews, though they too held all other nations, including these very Greeks, in great contempt, and would, doubtless, have been very glad if they could have denied that the Gentiles were of the same blood as themselves, never seem to have

attempted it, because they knew that they could not have done so without denying their own Scriptures, which so expressly declare this fact.

—We are, then, brethren,—whether of one nation and language or another—whether black or white, bond or free,—we are of "the *Sons of God;*" Christ has acknowledged us as such in dying for us; and I trust the time will come, when through the sole influence of his name, wars, and violence, and mutual injustice will cease among us, and that all the great families of the earth, will be brought to acknowledge their brotherhood, and to dwell together in peace.

THE ITALIAN CARPENTER AND HIS NEIGHBOUR.

Part First.

trans-la-ted	as-cend-ing	con-sum-ed
I-ta-li-an	fran-tic	des-ti-tute
neigh-bour	tre-men-dous	dawn-ed
alms	dis-may-ed	spec-ta-tors
es-cort-ing	in-ac-tive	con-tri-bu-tions
is-su-ing	a-void-ing	prin-ci-pal
fire-men	scal-ed	sub-scrip-tion
suc-ceed-ed	hud-dled	sus-tain-ed
stu-pi-fi-ed	ben-e-fac-tor	mites
suf-fo-cat-ing	en-dea-vours	re-pair

THE following history, which is a true one, has been translated for your use from the Italian language, in which it was written. It will serve to show you, that the command in Scripture to love one's neighbour, and do good to him, may be performed by all of us, even by those who are poor, and who have therefore little or nothing, in the way of alms, to bestow upon others.

The event happened about five or six

years ago, in the town of Pisa, which is in Italy, and is situated on the banks of the Arno. One night, in the month of September, the family of an honest carpenter, named Vincent Braccelli, was quietly sleeping in a poor cottage, by the side of the Arno, where he carried on his trade. All was at peace, and it only wanted an hour of midnight, when two soldiers, who had been escorting a messenger, charged with letters, out of the city, passed under the windows of the carpenter's shop. They perceived that smoke was issuing out of it, and stopped to try and awaken the family, by calling and knocking; but they could not make any one hear. One of the neighbours, however, named Francis Foscanelli, a friend of Vincent's, awoke and ran into the street. He joined the soldiers in their attempts to rouse the family; but nothing was heard from within, but the crackling of flames, while clouds of smoke rolled out. The soldiers set spurs to their horses to call out the firemen, and Francis, being left alone, ran to find a ladder, that

he might make his way into the burning house. He succeeded in placing the ladder against a window, at which he knocked again and again, until it gave way. One leap brought him into the room, where Vincent, his wife, and a young baby, lay in bed asleep. The room was already full of smoke. Francis made his way to the bed, and found the wretched people still more stupified by the suffocating smoke than by sleep. But he shook Vincent—dragged him out of bed, and helped him out of a window, and as soon as the open air had given the poor man strength to go down the ladder, he left him, returned to the bed, carried out the wife in his arms, and placed her on the ground by her husband; then, ascending the ladder again, he forced his way, for the third time, to the bed, lifted out the baby, and threw it, safe and sound, into its mother's arms.

The parents, when they had come to themselves, looked round them in terror. On perceiving the state in which they were, they both cried out. "The children! the

children!" They rushed frantic to the door, but it would not give way. They tried the ladder, but the flames were issuing from the window out of which they had escaped. Again they pushed at the door in despair, and a tremendous crash from within showed, that the upper story had fallen in.

This afforded fresh fuel for the fire. The windows broke, and the flames burst from every opening. "Help! help!" cried the miserable parents; and well might they be dismayed, for six children were still within. The firemen were not come, and the neighbours, who collected round, were unable to give assistance. Francis alone could not rest inactive. His own wife and children were standing round him; he saw them, but instead of making this a reason for avoiding new dangers, the sight of them rather urged him on, to try and save the children of his poor friend, who was a father like himself. He searched all the neighbouring houses; he explored all the places by which he thought he could get at the burning room. He found, at last, that one part of it had not yet caught fire, and he discovered a court yard, on which the room of the poor children looked. Immediately he scaled the walls of a garden, from which he descended upon this court yard. He heard the cries of the children: "Thank God!" said he to himself, "they are

screaming, therefore they are still alive!" He climbed up to a window, pushed it in with one blow, and the first child was presently safe. The others rushed to the open window, and the light of the flames shone upon them, as they stood trembling, with scarcely any clothes, clinging to the side of the window, and huddled one upon another, with fire almost close to them. But God enabled their benefactor to succeed in his endeavours. Six times Francis returned to the window, and six times came back safely, with another child. A sister and a niece of Vincent's were also in the house; he saved them too. So he preserved the lives of a whole family of *eleven* persons!

But the fire continued to rage; it lasted all night; and every thing that the house contained was consumed. Not a single piece of furniture, or tool, or article of clothing, was saved from the flames.

The neighbours received the destitute family, and collected, among themselves, some clothes to cover them.

As the day dawned, the number of

spectators of the sad scene increased; a kindly feeling spread among all, and they began to make contributions. The principal magistrate of the city opened a subscription, to repair the losses which the poor carpenter had sustained from the fire. Other subscription lists were opened, and before the evening, a considerable collection had been made.

But besides those rich people who gave their alms, there were many poor ones who contributed their mites, and whose names were never known; whose alms thus done in secret, their heavenly father has promised in Scripture "to reward openly."

Part Second.

re-lat-ed	earn-ings	di-rect-ress
me-lan-cho-ly	a-sy-lum	shel-ter-ed
com-pas-sion	gov-ern-ess-es	hos-pi-ta-ble
char-i-ty	grat-i-tude	or-phan

One of the poor men who acted as we have related, was afterwards discovered to be a

boatman of the river Arno, whom we shall call Joseph.

This man was going out of his house the morning after the fire, when a friend, as poor as himself, who was collecting assistance for the family of Vincent, met him, and told him of the melancholy event. Joseph was not acquainted with these poor people, but he knew what misfortune was. He went back to his house, and asked his wife, who was as compassionate as himself, to give him the little sum of money which he had put aside from his week's earnings.

It was Saturday; and while the wife was collecting the small store of pence, which was to help the family to pass their Sunday more comfortably, the tailor came in, bringing with him some clothes (whether new or just mended I do not know) for Sunday. They belonged to the father and his sons; and Joseph made a bundle of them, and gave them away in addition to his pence, for the use of the poor family of Vincent, the burnt-out carpenter.

The next day, Sunday, Joseph and his

family had nothing but their ragged working dresses to wear at church; but they were in the presence of Him who looks upon the heart, and who knew why they appeared less decently dressed than their neighbours.

Among many other kind actions performed on this occasion, the following was by the little girls educated at the "Infant Asylum" in Pisa, where orphans and destitute children are brought up by charity. These little girls, when they heard of the fire, begged of the governesses of the asylum, to be allowed to work for the carpenter's poor children; their request was granted. The necessary materials were given them. They could speak of nothing else, and employed all their play hours in the task. They worked so hard, and were so eager in encouraging each other at it, that in a short time they had finished a considerable quantity of clothing. It was a joyful day for them, when their work was ready, and placed in a basket. All the school-girls wished to go and offer their gifts in person, but as only a few could be permitted, they were obliged to draw lots

for those who were to accompany their directress. Four were chosen; and when they came to the poor children they were unable to speak, they could only shed tears of joy. The carpenter's children were full of gratitude, on receiving such an unexpected gift of labour, from little girls who had never even seen them before, and who were still poorer than themselves, as they were supported by the charity of others.

I will only add, that the alms given by the rich and poor, were so well employed, that, in a little while, the carpenter's house was rebuilt, and furnished with everything they could want; and the family, after having been sheltered for some time under the hospitable roof of some kind neighbours, returned joyfully to their new home.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

Part First.

scam-per-ing	af flict-ed	wist-ful-ly
an-noy	pan-de-an	break-fast
o-bey-ed	ear-nest-ly	ram-bles
des-pise	faith ful	ling-er-ing
for-eign	pat-ting	pro-long
ser-vice	lone-ly	pre-cise-ly

As a kind old man was one day walking through a country village, he heard a loud shouting and hallooing at a little distance. He stopped, and leaning on his stick, waited to see what was the matter.

He soon saw a poor Italian boy coming towards him, running fast from a number of the village children, who were scampering at his heels, pelting him with dirt, and mocking and laughing at him. The old man walked as fast as he could up to the Italian boy, and promising that he would protect him, called out to the boys and girls to stop. The poor fellow stood close to the old man

and his young persecutors ceased to annoy him.

"My poor boy," said the old man, "I am very sorry to see you so ill used, because you happen to be a stranger and without friends here; but these young ones shall not hurt you any more. Take this sixpence, and go on your way. And you," he said to the

mob of children, "stay; I wish to talk with you."

The Italian boy thanked the kind old man again and again, in his broken English, and putting the sixpence into his pocket, went his way.

The children stood round the old man. They were rather afraid of his large stick; but he did not lay it about their shoulders, as they perhaps expected and deserved. He only desired them to follow him to a log of wood by the way-side, and he looked so kind and good-natured, that they willingly obeyed him.

The old man took his seat on this log, and then said to the boys and girls around him, —"You teased and pelted that poor boy, because you thought he was not so good as you are—since he cannot speak your own language as well as you can—and since his sunburnt cheeks and dark black eyes show that he came from foreign lands. You would not pelt or laugh at a boy out of your own village, who had done no harm to any one?"

"Oh, no," answered the children.

"Well, then," continued the old man, "who this poor boy may be, I know not, any more than yourselves; but I know that it is wrong to despise a person because he looks and speaks unlike ourselves, and very wrong to do him harm. You know it is said that we ought to love our neighbour as ourselves. Now, our *neighbour* means not merely the person who lives next door to us, but any one who comes in our way; and to love, of course, does not here mean to feel an affection for every one who comes in our way, but to be ready to help him, and avoid hurting him. To show you, however, that there are good people in other countries besides our own, and that some Italian boys, at least, deserve to be loved, I will tell you a history about an Italian boy whom I once knew."

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

During the wars between Italy and France, many poor men in both countries were obliged to leave their homes, and go on foreign service

as soldiers. Among these was a worthy man who lived in the south of Italy.

This poor man had already been severely afflicted. He had lost his wife the winter before, and there was no one but himself to take care of his little boy. The poor man was very fond of this child. Since the death of his wife, he had no other companion, with the exception of a favourite dog. They ate together, they slept together, and on holidays, and during the delightful warm evenings of that country, the father used often to amuse himself with blowing tunes upon a pandean pipe. To these tunes, his little boy, seated on the ground at his feet, or mounted on his knee, would listen earnestly, and would often beg his father to let him try and play upon the pipe also. In a short time, by listening and practising attentively, the boy learned to blow some tunes, in his turn, very prettily.

This time, when he went away, the poor man left with his boy. An order arrived to hasten his departure, so that he had only time to give Juan—for that was the boy's name—to the care of an old woman who lived

near him. He kissed his child, and, with tears in his eyes, told him to be a good boy, and that he hoped soon to come back and see him again. "Good bye, my faithful Fido," said he, patting the dog, who stood close to him; "take care of my lonely child, whilst I am away." The dog looked wistfully in his master's face, as if he understood the words that had been spoken to him, and licked his hands, as though promising to attend to his orders.

Juan cried bitterly when his father left him. Week after week passed on. Every night young Juan, when he went to bed, said, "I hope my dear father will be here to-morrow." Every morning he got up early, and before he ate his piece of bread for breakfast, he ran a long way down the road to look for his father. But no father was there. Every morning he came back to the old woman's cottage very sad, and often crying.

In all these rambles the dog Fido accompanied him, and would hang down his head, and walk slowly home after him, with his tail

between his legs, as if conscious of, and sharing in, the disappointment of his little master, stopping when he stopped, and lying down on the ground, when Juan, lingering still with hope, sat down a few minutes to prolong the time.

News came that the war was ended; and that the soldiers would soon return to their homes. Some of the fellow-soldiers of Juan's father did return; and Juan's thoughts were full of the pleasure of again seeing his father. He could hardly eat or drink, and when he went to bed he dreamt of his father. But still no father came; and the boy began to be as sad as ever again.

One day a soldier, who was on his way home, stopped at the old woman's cottage, and asked for some water to drink. Juan saw that he had a dress on precisely like that which had been given to his father. He whispered to the old woman, "Ask him if he knows where my father is, and when he is coming home." "I dare say he is dead," said the man, "for he had many wounds. He was so ill, that he could not march on;

and I left him at a cottage near Milan. It is a long way from here."

When Juan heard this, he did not sit down and cry, for that would do his father no good. Tears, it is true, came into his eyes; but he wiped them away, and made up his mind to set off and find his father.

"Strangers," thought he, "cannot care for my father so much as I do. I can wait upon him much better than they can." The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, Juan was ready. He called his dog, and took the pipe which his father had given him. "I will play the tunes which my father taught me upon this pipe as I go along," said he; "and then I shall get a little bread from kind people, and so support myself, till I find my father."

Part Second.

re-solv-ed	anx-i-ous	frisk-ed
mor-sel	tip-toe	toil-some
romp-ing	re-fresh-ed	ill-treat

This brave child, having resolved what to do, set off. Many weeks he walked all day

long, and very often he slept in the open air upon a bank on the road side. Whilst he slept, his dog lay down at his side. Sometimes the people he met did not want music, and sometimes when they did, they only gave him a small piece of bread for his trouble; but some few gave him a little money. He took great care of this; so that, when no food was given to him, he might be able to buy some.

Through all his hardships he was cheerful, and thanked the people for whatever they gave him, whether much or little. He always shared such food as he had with his good dog Fido. But Juan and his dog led a hard life, and were often without a morsel to eat.

One day, after he had walked many miles, and was very hungry, he came to a cottage. Some boys and girls were romping outside the door. Juan at any other time would have liked to join them in their fun, but now his thoughts were bent on something else.

He went up to them, and began to play a tune. The children were so pleased with

the music, that they left off their game and gathered round him.

When he had finished his tune, he asked whether they would like him to play any more.

"Oh, yes, yes," cried the children.

"Will you give me a seat, then? for I am very tired," said Juan.

"Come into the house," said the boys, "and play there."

"Oh, no," cried the eldest of the girls, "he must not, because of the sick soldier." Juan heard this. "Let me come in, let me come in," said he, "and let me see the man; for my father is a soldier."

He could say no more. He could hardly draw his breath, he felt so anxious.

"This must be the cottage the soldier meant," said he. "Oh! if I should find my dear, dear father here!" He could not go on speaking.

"Is your name Juan?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes," said Juan.

"Then, perhaps, you are the little boy

that the sick man talks so much about, and wishes so much to see!" said the girl.

"Let me go to the room where he lies," cried the eager Juan; "oh, do let me go."

"I must first see if he is awake," replied the girl. "He sleeps so little, owing to the pain of his wounds, that it would be unkind to wake him."

So she went into the cottage gently, and opened the door. She looked in, and turning round to Juan, put her finger to her lip, and quietly shut the door again, and then walked on tiptoe out of the cottage.

"He sleeps now," she whispered. "If you want to see him, you must wait."

"Play us a tune," said the children, "and we will ask our mother to give you some supper."

Juan was hungry and tired, but he could not play on his pipe. He sat down on the ground, and leaned his head upon his hands, his heart beating, and tears gathering in his eyes.

The children looked at him, and one of them said, "Are you ill, little boy?"

"No," said Juan, "If I have found my father, I am quite well."

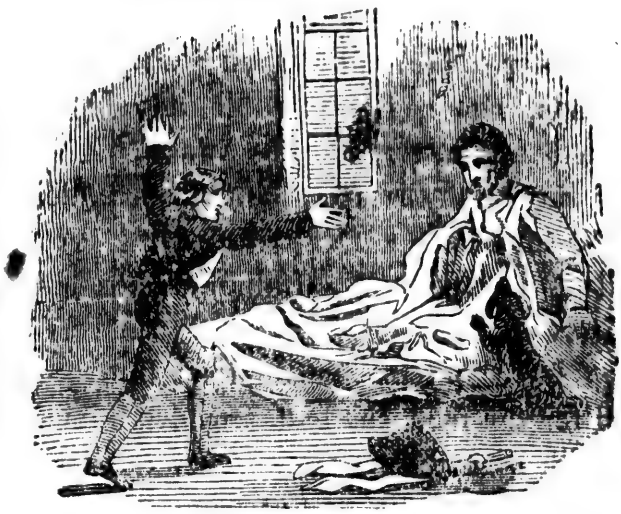
The children then continued their game, and in their fun soon forgot the poor little boy and his pipe. Fido laid himself down close to his young master, and went to sleep.

The time seemed to pass very slowly. Poor Juan thought the sick man slept a long time, and he was on the point of falling asleep too, when suddenly he heard a voice call out from the cottage, "Bring me some drink." He started up; he knew the voice —it was his father's!

Happy child! He rushed into the cottage, opened the bed-room door, and threw his arms round his father's neck.

His father did not at first perceive that it was his own boy who was hugging him so closely; but when the dog Fido leaped upon the bed, wagging his tail and barking with joy, then he knew them both, and he too was joyful. "My good child, said he, "I shall soon be well, now you have come, and we will all go home together."

He then asked the children to give Juan



and poor Fido some food. The biggest of the girls went directly to her mother's closet in the next room, and brought out for Juan a large piece of barley bread and a bunch of fine ripe grapes. This, with some water which she fetched from the well, made for Juan, as he thought, the pleasantest meal that he had tasted since he left home. She gave Fido also some food.

After such a hearty supper, Juan felt quite refreshed and merry. He played many tunes upon his pipe to the children of the cottage, and Fido frisked about.

From that day, Juan was constantly with his father. He waited upon him, dressed his wounds, watched him while he slept, and talked to him when he was awake. The dog, too, stayed in the room, and slept under the sick man's bed.

In a short time the Italian soldier became quite well. He paid the woman of the cottage for the room she had let him occupy, and for the food she had provided him with.

Both he and Juan were sorry to part with the children of the cottage, and Juan played them many tunes upon his pipe before he went.

At length, one fine morning, the father, Juan, and their dog, set off to walk home, and after many a toilsome day's walk, they reached their own village.

"I have now," said the old man, "finished my story. You see there are good people in other countries as well as in our own; and I hope you will never again ill-treat a stranger. His being a stranger proves, that in *one* p he is less happy than you are."

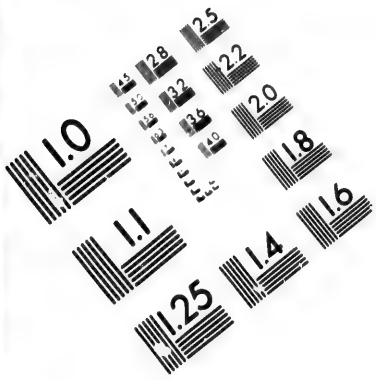
OF THE TWO NATURAL DIVISIONS OF THE WORLD—LAND AND WATER.

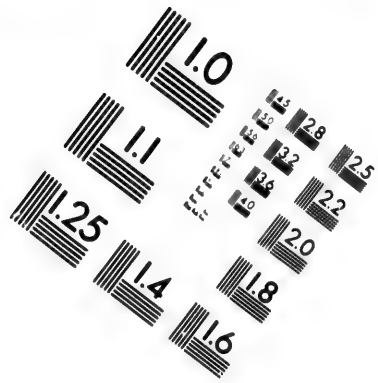
LAND.

Ge-ogra-phy	earth-quakes	moul-der-ed
con-ve-ni-ence	vol-ca-noes	veg-e-ta-ble
sub-ject	ex-plo-sions	smould-er-ing
sub-stance	peb-bles	re-sem-bles
oc-cur-red	mi-nute	pres-sure
crumb-ling	bar-ren-ness	moss-es
de-cay-ed	con-vul-sion	ma-te-rials
gran-ite	mould	Gen-e-sis

THESE were the two first great divisions of the world, laid down in your books of Geography. But Geography does not tell us what the land and water are in themselves, only how they have been divided and named by man for his own use and convenience.

These divisions or countries, with their cities and the things for which they are remarkable, you have already learned in your books of Geography, together with the names of the rivers which water them, and of the oceans and seas by which they are





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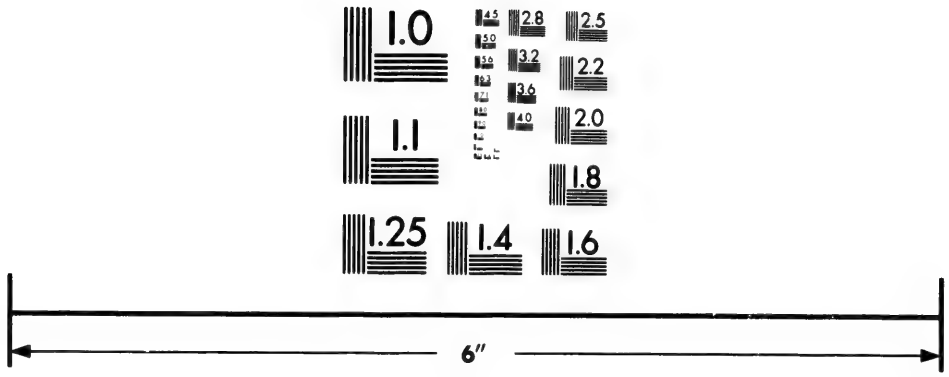

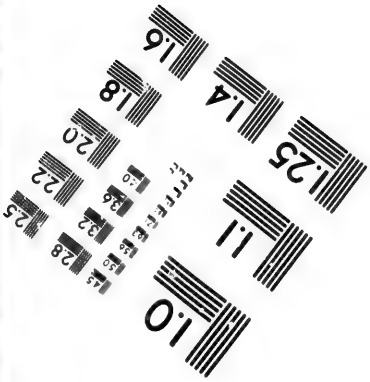

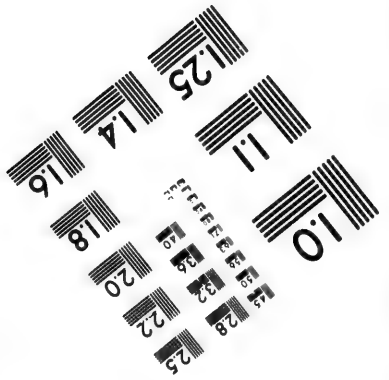

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divided; but the subject of this chapter will be, the substance of the earth itself—the ground on which you tread; and I shall then speak of the waters, which are contained within and upon it.

Though you have sat upon the ground, and run, and tumbled, and walked upon it, from your earliest childhood, I dare say it has never occurred to you to think what it was all made of. You have kicked up the dust on the road; you have played in the fields, and dug in the garden; you have climbed the hills, or tossed about the sand on the sea-shore, or, it may be, picked your way across the bogs, day after day, without such a thought having crossed your minds. Now, people who have thought and inquired about these things, have learned that many of the various beds of sand, clay, mould, and peat, of which our fields, and plains, and bogs are composed, were either formed from solid rocks,—some of them hard, like our Three-rock Mountain, and some of them soft and crumbling,—or from the decayed plants and animals which lived upon them.

How this came about seems very wonderful; but as the same thing is still going on in the world,—viz., new lands being formed, and old rocks broken up,—people who have carefully attended to these things, are able to tell us how they came to pass.

Some of the softer rocks have crumbled away of themselves, by exposure to the weather and other causes; and the earth or soil thus formed, has been washed down into the valleys beneath, by the rains and streams of water which find their way down the mountains. These beds of earth are of different kinds—some of clay, some of sand, according to the nature of the rock from which they came.

The hard rocks, such as granite, which you see lying about in great blocks and stones, must have been broken and split asunder by some violent force from within the earth. This force seems to proceed from certain heated substances within the earth, which in trying to make their way out, split and rend it asunder, causing earthquakes. Sometimes hot melted materials push up the earth above

them, and make an opening, through which they pour and throw out smoke and ashes;—these are called volcanoes or burning mountains. Those who have seen rocks split and blown up by gunpowder, can the better understand what has been said.

Well, such explosions have taken place among the rocks of our world, and have broken them up into blocks and pieces, and scattered them far and wide. These blocks, having been exposed for countless ages to seas and rivers, dashing and rolling them against each other, have been again broken and their edges worn off, till at length they became those smooth rounded pebbles, which you find under your feet. The minute portions, thus ground off or worn away, formed the sand which makes up a large portion of the soil of our earth, covering our shores, and extending over vast tracts, which from their barrenness we call deserts.

When this sand is mixed with pebbles, as it is in the bed of the river, it is called gravel. So now, when you pick up a smooth round-edged stone, you know its history—that it

was broken off from some rock by a great convulsion of the earth, exposed to water, and rolled into its present form; and, if you inquire further, some people can tell you, from looking at it, what kind of rock it once belonged to.

But to return to the earth. The rich soil of our fields and gardens, and hill-sides, which is commonly called *mould*, has been formed in the course of ages, by decayed trees and plants, together with the mouldered remains of the animals which lived on them.

Sometimes whole forests have been washed away by floods, or have sunk down with the land on which they grew, and over which mosses and other binding plants have spread themselves,—one generation after another dying, till at length that kind of vegetable earth was formed, which we call bog, or peat.

These bogs, which extend over vast plains and valleys, are black and ugly to look at, unless where they happen to be covered with plants; but you know what nice smouldering fires they make.

Of the useful things which the earth contains within it, there is one which I shall mention, because it somewhat resembles the turf or peat of which I have just been speaking: I mean *coal*. You would not think that this hard, black, shiny substance was formed by plants of various kinds, hardened in the course of ages by the pressure of the earth.

You have now learned something of the earth you tread on,—of the stones and gravel in your path, the sand on the sea-shore, the mould and clay of the fields and valleys, the peat of the bogs, and the coal which is dug out from beneath.

Now, in considering all these things, are you not struck with admiration at the fact, that nothing made by Almighty God has ever been wasted or lost?—so that what seems to have been destroyed, has only, we find, been changed by Divine Wisdom, into something more useful or more beautiful still.

Hence, though the trees and plants, the grasses and mosses, which clothe the hills, the fields, and the barren bogs, when they

have delighted the eye of man, perish indeed, and moulder into earth, they perish only to take other forms, and to supply soils for new plants, or other materials wherewith to promote the comfort and happiness of the human race. Well, then, is it said in the book of Genesis, which records the history of the creation:—"And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good."

STORY OF A DESERT.

veg-e-ta-tion	Mo-roc-co	lea-thern
o-a-ses	sea-port	bag-gage
hard-ship	in-du-ced	af-fect-ed
whirl-wind	ne-glect-ed	wea-ri-ness
o-ver-whelm	a-void	sense-less
cam-els	in-tense	cha-ri-ta-ble
Za-ha-ra	pre-ced-ing	fa-tal
an-ces-tors	fa-tigue	lan-guor
car-a-vans	ex-haust-ed	in-ter-rupt-ed
drom-e-da-ry	mois-ture	brook

A DESERT is a sandy plain, generally of great extent, without vegetation, and almost

entirely without water. There are, indeed, in some deserts, a few wells, and on the spots thus watered, which are called *Oases*, some shrubs and plants are found; but these springs are very scarce, and far distant from each other, so that travellers often suffer much from thirst.

Nor is want of water the only hardship to which those who are obliged to cross a desert are exposed. They are very likely to lose their way, for there are no objects to mark out the direction in which they ought to travel, nor can any roads be made, because the sand is loose, and blown about with every breeze.

Sometimes a whirlwind raises the sand in such clouds as to overwhelm the travellers completely, leaving nothing but a hill of sand, where, but a few minutes before, had been a crowd of men, horses, and camels.

Deserts are chiefly found in Africa and Asia. Arabia, in Asia, is composed in a great measure of deserts. No settled inhabitants live in these wastes, but they are frequented by tribes of wandering Arabs.

who dwell in tents which they carry about with them from one *Oasis* to another, never remaining long in one place. Besides their camels, these Arabs possess the swiftest and most beautiful horses in the world. In the great desert of Africa called Zahara (which means desert), there are also wandering Arabs, who have left their own country, but continue to lead much the same sort of life that their ancestors did before them. Each tribe is governed by a chief, who is called a Scheik, a word meaning "old man." These Arabs are often robbers, and they seldom fail to strip the unfortunate travellers who fall into their hands, of all their property.

When merchants, or other travellers, are about to cross the desert, they join together for their mutual safety, and form large companies, sometimes consisting of more than a thousand people. These companies are called caravans; they take horses and mules with them, but their chief dependence is on the camel, which, from its form and habits, is better suited to the desert than any other animal. In Africa, the dromedary,

which much resembles the camel, supplies its place. The dromedary has one hump instead of two, like the Asiatic camel, and it has a much swifter pace; in other respects, there is no great difference between them.

The following story, which is a true one, will give you some idea of the suffering caused by want of water, in a journey through a desert.

Ali Bey had been travelling in Morocco,* and was on the point of leaving that country. He wished to go from a town called Ouschda, to Tangier, which is a seaport, whence he intended to embark for the east. He was accompanied by two officers and thirty guards, to protect him on the way. He had been informed that 400 Arabs were watching for him on the high-road, probably with the intention of robbing him. This information induced him to leave Ouschda privately, and quitting the high-road, he crossed the fields

* Morocco is a country to the north of Africa, situated between the Atlantic Ocean, the mountains of Atlas, and the desert of Zahara, part of which extends into Morocco itself.

to the south, and pushed forward towards the desert. The night was dark, and the sky covered with clouds. They advanced very fast during the night, and at nine in the morning, they stopped near a stream, where the guards took leave of Ali Bey, and left him to the care of some Arabs who had joined him on the road. A dispute arose among the guards at parting, which for a little while alarmed Ali Bey and his companions, and so occupied their attention, that they neglected to supply themselves with water at the stream, whose banks they were now leaving.

They continued marching on in great haste, for fear of being overtaken by the 400 Arabs, whom they wished to avoid. For this reason, they never kept the common road, but passed through the middle of the desert, marching over stony places and low hills. This country is entirely without water, and not a tree is to be seen in it, nor a rock which can afford a shelter from the heat. There is a particular clearness in the air—an intense sun darting its beams on the head

of the traveller, and slight breezes scorching like a flame: such is a faithful picture of the desert through which Ali Bey was passing. The travellers had neither eaten nor drunk since the preceding day, and their horses and mules were in the same condition. Soon after twelve o'clock, the men, as well as the poor animals, began to be worn out with fatigue. The mules were stumbling at every step with their burdens, and required help to lift them up again: this exertion exhausted the little strength the men had left.

At two in the afternoon a man dropped down stiff, as if he were dead, from fatigue and thirst. Ali Bey stopped with three or four of his people to assist him. The little moisture that was left in one of the leathern bags, in which they carry water in those countries, was squeezed out, and a few drops poured into the poor man's mouth, but without relieving him. Ali Bey began to feel his own strength failing, and becoming very weak, he determined to mount on horseback, leaving the poor fellow behind. This seems very cruel, but they could do nothing

for the unfortunate man; he was dying of thirst, and they had no water to give him; it could be no comfort to him for his companions to lie down and die by his side.

From this time, others of the caravan began to drop, one after another, and there was no possibility of giving them any assistance, so they were necessarily left to their unhappy fate. Several mules, with their burdens, were also left behind, and Ali Bey saw some of his trunks lying on the ground, without knowing what had become of the mules or their drivers. The loss of his baggage affected him but little,—he pushed on without caring about it.

His horse (though the strongest in the whole caravan) now began to tremble under him. When he endeavoured to encourage his men to go faster, they answered by looking him in the face and pointing to their mouths, to show how much they suffered from thirst. The whole party were now sensible of the impossibility of supporting such fatigue, until they should reach the place where they were to meet with water again.

At last, about four in the afternoon, Ali Bey had his turn, and fell down from thirst and weariness. It is impossible to imagine a more wretched condition than that of Ali Bey, stretched senseless on the ground, in the middle of the desert; left with only three or four men, one of whom had dropped at the same time as himself, and those who retained their senses without means of assisting him.

He remained senseless for about half an hour, when, at some distance, a caravan was seen approaching. The chief of the caravan, observing the distressing situation of our travellers, ordered some water to be thrown over them. Ali Bey presently recovered his senses, and looked around him; at first he could not see clearly, but soon he perceived seven or eight persons, who were assisting him with much kindness. He tried to speak to them, but a painful feeling in his throat prevented him; he could only point to his mouth. These charitable people continued pouring water on his face and hands, till he was able to swallow small mouthfuls of

water; this enabled him to ask "Who are you?" When they heard him speak they expressed their joy, and answered "Fear nothing, we are no robbers, but your friends." They poured more water over him, filled some of his leathern bags, and then left him in haste. After sparing so much of their own stock of water, they could not, without danger to themselves, stay longer in this desert place.

The dreadful thirst, which was so nearly fatal to Ali Bey and his people, was first perceived by extreme dryness of the skin; the eyes appeared bloody, and the tongue and mouth were covered with a crust. A faintness or languor took away the power of moving, and a painful sensation in the throat and chest interrupted the breathing. This is what Ali Bey felt before he became insensible, and he observed that his fellow-travellers suffered in the same way.

After the caravan left him, he remounted his horse, with some difficulty, and went on his journey. At seven in the evening he stopped at a brook, and during the night all

his men and baggage arrived, and he found that no one was missing, not even the poor man who had been left by himself. The caravan had met them in the desert, and saved both men and animals.

WHAT THINGS THE EARTH PRODUCES FOR MAN.

copse	co-coon	ex-change
hues	pro-du-ces	la-bo-ri-ous
seed-ves-sel	grind-ing	sauce-pan
sep-ar-at-ed	knead-ing	in-tel-li gence

The earth produces food and shelter suited to the wants of the brute creation, but not to those of man.

Cattle find food suited to their taste, and fit for their support, in the grass which grows beneath their feet, while the little shelter they require is afforded them by the side of a hill, or the thickness of a copse, and so with other animals.

But Providence has given few things ready for the use of man, though he has provided

much to delight his eye, both in the colours of the sky, and in the shapes and hues of the trees, plants, flowers, and stones, which cover the earth.

It seems to have been his will, that man should exert and improve his reason and powers, by fitting, for his own use, the materials which the earth produces.

Tables and chairs, accordingly, do not grow out of the ground, nor blankets on the sheep's back. Bricks to build our houses, must be formed from the proper kind of earth, hardened by fire. Stones, for building or paving, must be cut out of the pit, or the sides of a rock. Even coals must be dug and raised with great labour out of the earth. Iron must be separated from the earthy part mixed up with it, and exposed to heat before it can be made into pots and pokers, or spades. Our cotton dresses are formed from the soft lining of a seed vessel—our silks spun from the cocoon of a worm—our blankets and carpets prepared from the wool on a sheep's back, and so on with everything else.

Knowledge, skill, and labour, are ordained by God to be the means with which we must work up his gifts.

Some men give the knowledge they have gained, others their skill, others their labour, for this purpose. Others, again, whose fathers have, or who have themselves, grown rich by their labour, skill, or knowledge, give their money in exchange for what the knowledge, or skill, or labour of others produces.

Of all the food we eat, none (excepting a few fruits) is produced in a fit state to support life. All kinds of grain, such as wheat, oats, barley, rice, require, you know, grinding, kneading, baking, or boiling; and potatoes, carrots, and almost all kinds of roots, must be cooked before they can be eaten.

But human skill and labour could not have fitted all these things for use—could not have softened and prepared iron, or altered the shape of wood, or made grain or roots fit for food—unless one gift had been added in addition to all these, I mean the gift of fire.

It is supposed by those who have thought much about these things, that man could

never have found out for himself the use or this, or many other gifts of Providence, unless he had been taught of God. That he would have looked with awe on the fire of burning mountains, and on trees and dry grass kindled into flame by lightning and other causes, but that he never would have ventured to trust these fearful flames, which seemed to exist only in their power to destroy. Still less would it have entered into his head to look for a spark from flint, or from long and laborious rubbing of two bits of hard wood together.

Those who live in towns, see few things as they came from their Maker's hands. The wood is become a chair—the iron a saucepan —the tin a tea-kettle—the wool a blanket or a carpet, and so on.

But they must not forget *who* gave the materials with which these things were made; or *who* bestowed the intelligence and skill to put them together; and they can never want signs of the power and wisdom of the Creator, while they behold each other.

WATER.

Part First.

con-fus-ed	waste	at-mos-phere
drain-ed	re-pair-ed	cir-cu-la-tion
emp-ty	sol-id	dew
tank	va-pour	con-den-ses
un-whole-some	doubt-less	ig-nor-ance
o-ceans	mi-nute	re-fresh
es-pe-cial	par-ti-cles	fer-til-ize

The second great natural division of the world, viz., water, is now to be spoken of.

We read in the Book of Genesis, that the world was once a confused mass of land and water, but that, when the Great Creator fitted it for our use, the waters were collected together into large bodies, as oceans, seas, &c., and "the dry land appeared." This dry land was still further drained by rivers, which empty themselves into the ocean.

Now, when we consider that these vast waters, which men have looked upon for nearly six thousand years, have neither wasted nor dried up nor become corrupt, in

all this time, it may well strike our minds as wonderful.

You yourselves know, that, if water is left in a tub or tank, it soon becomes impure and unwholesome; and, doubtless, this would have happened also with the oceans and rivers of the earth, but for some especial provision against such an evil. And here again we shall come to the fact, that nothing in God's creation is wasted, or spoiled, or lost. How the waters of the earth are preserved in all their freshness, and how it is that their waste is repaired, I will endeavour to explain.

When we say that water is wasted or dried up, what do we mean? What becomes of it? Where does it go? Perhaps you will say, that it sinks into the earth; but this cannot be the case when the bottom is solid, or of rock, or clay, or when it is in a tub or other vessel.

The truth is, that it loses the form of water—it is turned into vapour, and mixes with the air, or hangs about it as a cloud.

It is found that heat has the power of draw-

ing off minute particles of water. Accordingly, the heat of the sun draws forth from the waters of the earth particles too minute for you to see, which, being lighter than the air, rise up and mingle with it. These particles of water (which are called vapour) when they meet with cooler air, unite, so as to become visible to us, as a cloud or mist in the sky; and under certain states of the atmosphere, they return to the earth and its waters, in the form of *rain*.

But as the pure water only is light enough to rise up, all that is foul in it remains behind. The salt of the sea, for instance, and the corrupt parts of the waters of a marsh, are left; so that there is a constant *circulation*, or *going and returning* of pure water, between the earth and the air, which preserves both in a wholesome state.

There is another form in which the waters taken up by the air, return to the earth, besides rain—I mean *dew*. After warm days, when the earth suddenly becomes cold, it chills the vapour contained in the air close to it, and thickens or condenses it into water

again, which settles on the cold earth in drops, which we call *dew*.

You know how beautiful the dew-drops look, glittering on the grass and hedges on a sunny morning. But the sun soon turns them to vapour again, and dries the earth once more.

Thus you see, that as with the earth, so it is with its waters; nothing is wasted or destroyed, though we in our ignorance may chance to lose sight of it.

What the waters part with, they gain in a purer state; and what the earth seems to lose, returns to refresh and fertilize it anew.

Part Second.

li-quid	e-vap-or-a-tion	oc-cas-sion-al
pour-ing	sled-ges	val-u-a-ble
forth	slip-per-y	ma-chin-er-y
emp-ty	skate	man-u-fac-ture
in-vis-i-ble	Es-qui-maux	ex-pen-sive

Water, you know, is not always in a liquid state; you have seen it changed by cold into ice, and by heat into steam, or vapour. You

must have observed, too, that ice is changed back into water by heat, and steam by cold.

Ice is more beautiful to look at than steam, and, therefore, perhaps you have taken more notice of it; yet it is pleasant to see the steam pouring forth out of the tea-kettle spout, when the water is boiling over the fire for tea, or the smoke rising up from the potatoes, when they are just uncovered and set on table for dinner.

Now, from what was said in the last pages, you find that this steam, which you sometimes, but not rightly, call smoke, is nothing else than minute particles of the water in the tea-kettle, or in the potatoes, which being heated, fly off, and, meeting suddenly with the cool air, form a cloud.

If you were to leave a tea-kettle boiling on the fire all night, you would find it in the morning quite empty; the water would all have found its way out of the tea-kettle into the room, but as it had mingled with the air in the room, it would be invisible to you.

This change of water into steam or vapour,

is called *evaporation*—a long word, but not very hard to understand.

You see, then, that the heat of the fire acts on the water in the tea-kettle and in the potatoes, just as the warmth of the sun does on the water of the earth, by drawing forth vapour, only that when this vapour rises into the air from boiling water, we call it steam, instead of cloud or mist.

At first sight it might seem, that, when water takes the form of steam or of ice, we lose its services. But this is a mistake. Steam is very useful to those nations who know how to make use of it; and ice is most useful to those who have most of it.

Our frosts, being only occasional, do not profit us much. But in North America, and the northern countries of Europe, where they last half the year, the frozen rivers and hard snow afford them very convenient roads; much better than those they have at any other time, so that they hold fairs and meetings more conveniently in the cold season. They have sledges which are like flat boats, and are drawn sometimes by reindeer,

sometimes by dogs, or small horses, over the hard and slippery snow. Or they skate along the frozen rivers and lakes with great speed and little fatigue, finding warmth and health in the exercise.

Among the Esquimaux, and those who inhabit the coldest parts of the earth, it is usual to build houses of frozen snow or blocks of ice, which are said to keep out the cold better than any other material.

But though ice is not without its use, steam—the other state into which water changes—is far more valuable, to those who know how to make use of it.

By means of steam we move our ships over the water, turn our mills, travel in carriages without horses at the greatest speed; and so work our machinery, that manufacturers can now send out an immense variety of cheap and useful articles, which were formerly so expensive, that the rich only were able to purchase them.

SPRINGS OF WATER—SPRINGS, WELLS, AND PUMPS.

oos-es	hor-i-zon-tal-ly	col-umn
crev-i-ces	coils	height
ti-ny	gra-du-al-ly	prin-ci-ple
dis-charge	un winds	brick-ed
oc-cur-red	con triv-ance	pres-sure
pos-sess-ed	depth	ex pand
fam-i-lies	pro per-ties	re-liev-ed

THE rains, when they sink into the earth, might seem wasted and lost; but they meet at length with some bed of clay or hard rock, which stops their course downwards, and the water then oozes out through the sides of a hill, or the crevices of a rock, at first in tiny streams, but afterwards these streams unite below, and form at length those great rivers which flow through our plains and valleys, and discharge their waters into some lake or sea.

But these springs of water are sometimes deep in the earth,—often several hundred feet below the surface, so that those parts of the country through which the rivers flow

would be unfit to support the life of man, unless it had occurred to him to dig wells.

Long before men knew where and how these springs of water are formed, they must have found them in digging for other purposes; and hence, when they were in want of water, would be led to dig for them; but, from not knowing where to seek them, they would often labour in vain. But now, people who have attended to the subject, know in what kind of soil they will be likely to find water; so that here, as in so many other things, knowledge saves much useless labour and loss of time.

In former days, a well was the most valuable property which could be possessed; so that families or tribes of people would go to war for the possession of one. In these days, almost every village, you know, had its well. These wells are sometimes very deep, because you have to dig, perhaps, several hundred feet before you come to a spring of water.

When this is the case, the water is drawn up by means of a rope and bucket. This

rope is fixed to a short pole, called an axle, which is supported horizontally on a frame, and turned by a handle. The bucket is fixed to the end of a rope, and when you want to draw up your bucket out of the well, you turn the handle, which winds or coils up the rope round the pole till the bucket is brought up; and if you want to let it down again, you turn the handle the other way, which gradually unwinds the rope, and lets down the empty bucket to be filled again.

When the spring of water is not deeper than about thirty feet, the water is raised by that beautiful contrivance called a sucking pump.

You have all seen a pump, and have often pumped, no doubt; but you do not know, perhaps, how or why your pumping brings up water: you only know that when you have lifted up and drawn down the pump handle two or three times, water pours from the spout.

Yet you might well feel surprised, if you thought at all, that a few strokes of your hand should force water to rise up from the

earth, at the depth of many feet, to meet your wants.

It is a knowledge of the properties of air and water, which has enabled men to do this.

It is known that air has considerable weight, and that it presses everywhere and everything with equal force; and it is found, that if you remove this pressure of air from a small part of the surface of water, the water will rise up *at that part*, as in a column, to the height of nearly thirty feet, being supported by the air all round and under it.

This may be made clear by a simple example. When you amuse yourselves with sucking up water through a straw, you are doing this very thing without knowing it—viz., you remove or suck out the air from over that part of the water which is under your straw, and immediately it rises up in a column to your mouth.

On this simple principle it is that the pump I have been speaking of is constructed.

The well over the spring is bricked and

lined; and a long pipe,—like your straw, only much larger and longer,—is fixed in it, through which the water will rise, when the pressure of the air is taken off that portion of it which the pipe encloses. This cannot be done, as in your straw, by sucking out the air; but, as it is known, that air has a tendency to expand or spread itself out, it is done by removing the air from the body of the pump, into which the pipe opens, and then the air in the pipe will rush out into the body or barrel of the pump, and the water, being no longer pressed down by the air in the pipe, will rise up and fill it. But, before the water can rise any higher, the air in the body of the pump also, must be got rid of. Now, all this is done by you when you raise the handle and let it fall, and then raise it again;—for to this handle is hung, within the body of the pump, a kind of leathern box or bucket, by pushing which up and down, the air is driven out of the pump, and the water, relieved of the pressure of this column of air, rises to the spout, whence it pours forth, clear and sparkling, for your use.

EFFECTS PRODUCED BY WATER—THE LAND-SLIP OVER GOLDAU.

in-ju-ry	o-ver-whelm	ex-ert
con-trol-led	crush-ing	man-ger
un-der-mine	bleat-ing	ef-forts
oc-cu-pi-ed	ac-cus-tom-ed	im-ag-ine
ce-ment-ed	bu-ri-ed	rack
li-a-ble	re-ceiv-ed	sol-i-tude
o-ver-charg-ed	con-triv-ed	griev-ed
symp-toms	draught	quan-ti-ty
ex-pect-ed	nour-ish-ment	oc-cur-red
reck-less-ness	bur-den	rub-bish
es-cap-ed	con-tin-ue	pru-dent-ly
com-plete-ly	in-stead	hal-low-ed

WATER is powerful to produce evil as well as good, and perhaps we are permitted from time to time to witness the evil—to see the common and safe course of things interrupted, in order to show us that the most useful and valuable parts of creation might work us fearful injury, unless they were controlled by Power Divine.

It sometimes, though not frequently, happens that springs of water under ground,

finding no vent or way out, loosen and undermine the earth or rock above them, causing it to sink in, or, if on the side of a mountain, to slip down. A dreadful occurrence of this kind happened some years ago, at Goldau, in Switzerland, and, as it is connected with a very interesting history, I will copy the account from the book in which I read it.

The village of Goldau occupied part of a valley at the the foot of the Rossberg, a mountain of Switzerland, near lake Zug. The upper part of this mountain is formed of rounded pieces of old rock cemented together by clay,—it is called pudding stone, and this kind of rock is very liable to be loosened by water.

In the summer of the year 1806 (about thirty-seven years ago), after a very rainy season which overcharged the springs of water within the mountain, and caused them, it is supposed, to loosen the ground above, this part of the mountain gave way, fell headlong into the valley, and buried the village of Goldau, houses, cattle, and many of the inhabitants beneath it

There were symptoms of some great move ment in the mountain several hours before, but these were unheeded. At about five in the afternoon of the 2nd of September, the whole surface of the upper part of the mountain, was seen by the wretched people of Goldau, to glide down, at first slowly, and then to throw itself headlong, as I have described, over the valley, burying every thing beneath it.

An old man who had often declared that he expected such an accident, was quietly smoking his pipe in his house, when a young man running by, told him that the mountain was falling. The old man rose, looked out of doors, said that he had time to fill another pipe, and went back into his house. He suffered for his recklessness. The young man continued flying, and at length escaped, though with difficulty, for he was often thrown down by the trembling of the earth. When he looked back, the old man's house, with its owner, was carried off!

HISTORY OF MARIE.

Among those who were buried together with their homes at Goldau, when the mountain of Rossberg gave way, was a little girl named Marie. How she came to be left alone in the house when the rest of the family escaped, or whether they were already from home and had not time to return for her, I do not know; but she was completely overwhelmed in the ruins of her father's cottage. The earth and rocks had fallen upon it in such a manner as completely to cover it, but without entirely crushing it to pieces, so that the poor child, though buried alive, was not only unhurt, but had some little space to move about in.

Marie at first gave herself up for lost, expecting nothing less than to die of hunger, and she sat down and wept bitterly: she then said her prayers, and felt more comfortable. After a few hours she heard the sound of the bleating of a goat, and she knew that it was one of her father's goats, which she had been accustomed to milk, and which,

like herself had been buried alive, but without having received any injury.

"Poor Dodo," said she, "I am sure you want to be milked, and how glad I should be to drink your milk, but I cannot reach you in this darkness." The sound of bleating came from above, and after a great many trials she at length contrived to climb up to the spot where the goat was, and rejoiced to get a good draught of milk, nor was the goat less pleased, I dare say, to get rid of its burden.

Marie felt much comforted by this meal, and cheered herself with the hope that the poor goat would give her nourishment enough to keep her from starving, till she might, perhaps, be dug out. The next day the bleating of the goat was very faint, and scarcely any milk could be drawn from it. She knew that the poor animal would not continue to give her milk unless it was supplied with food, yet it seemed impossible for her to obtain any nourishment for it. However, instead of giving way to her disappointment, she resolved to exert herself to try whether she could find any means of getting at some hay.

She thought it very probable that the place in which the goat was confined might be the stable, which, in the upset of the house, might have been thrown over the room in which she was; and, if so, she knew there was plenty of hay in the rack above the manger, but it was too high for the goat to reach. After many efforts to get at the hay, she was obliged to give that up; but at length she contrived so to place herself, that the goat, by resting its hinder legs upon her shoulders, could reach the hay. You may imagine what joy she felt when she first heard the goat drawing it from the rack and beginning to eat; for she knew that she had thus provided not only food for the poor goat, but a supply of milk for herself, so long as the hay lasted.

After living several days in this solitude and darkness, she heard a knocking, and guessed that it was made by people digging in search of her. She called out to them as loud as she could, but received no answer, for the place was too much closed up, for them to hear her voice. This grieved her

very much, for she feared that they might give over the search before they reached the spot where she was. Again, however, she heard a quantity of stones and earth fall near her, and thinking that an opening had been made, she was rushing forward to the spot

where she had heard the noise, when it suddenly occurred to her that she might be crushed by the falling rubbish, and she prudently went back again. But she hallooed out as loud as she was able, and was at length so happy as to be answered by the voice of her father: in a short time he made his way to her: she fell into his arms, and was carried to her mother, who was overjoyed, as you may suppose, to find her so unexpectedly alive; and you need not doubt that poor Dodo, the goat, accompanied Marie, and was ever after tenderly cared for.

ZOOLOGY, OR THE KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMALS.

di-vis-sion	tough	dis-tin-guish
in-clud-ed	tap-ping	lan-guage
or-ni-thol-o-gy	pro-por-tion	clam-or-ous
ob-jec-tion	con-trive	scream
fa-mil-i-ar	con-sid-er-a-ble	bus-tle
at-tach-ed	dove-cots	in-quis-i-tive
pig-eons	pe-cu-liar	wea-sel
beaks	im-i-ta-tion	dis-pers-ed
mar-row	perch-ed	poul-try

ANIMALS may be divided into two divisions, those with back bones, and those without them. In the former are men, beasts, and whales, all of which suckle their young, and birds, reptiles, and fishes, which lay eggs. In the latter all other animals are included.

We will begin with birds. The knowledge of birds is called *Ornithology*, from two words meaning bird and knowledge. This knowledge requires observation, that is, looking about you, and taking notice, rather than learning.

The appearance and habits of birds are

most easily studied by those who live in the country. Yet there are several kinds of birds which have no objection to a town life, and which may be tamed so as to be quite familiar with the family they belong to.

I knew a duck which lived in the house, and was so attached to the children of the family, that it would follow them about, and walk up stairs into the room where they slept.

Magpies, starlings, ravens, rooks, and pigeons, are easily tamed. I remember a pigeon which made friends with a cat, and they always fed at the same dish, and slept side by side in the kitchen.

There are many things in which birds differ both from men and beasts—some of which you may observe for yourselves, such as—

1st—In having beaks instead of teeth.

2nd—Feathers instead of hair or wool.

3rd—In having hollow bones; which (in full grown birds) are filled with air instead of marrow.

4th—In being provided with wings; and,

5th—In having their young contained in eggs.

Some birds have strong and hard beaks, and these feed on hard and tough substances or procure their food from boring or tapping trees, as woodpeckers do. Birds of prey have their beaks more or less hooked to enable them to rip up and tear flesh. Other birds have soft beaks, as robins and swallows; they live on insects, worms, and other soft things. By looking at and feeling the beak, you may find out what the bird lives on.

As birds were intended to fly, it was necessary that their bodies should be very strong and very light; they have, therefore, the lightest bones in proportion to their strength of any animals; and their covering (feathers) is as light as it is warm.

The flight of birds is very curious and interesting, a little creature like the swallow, for instance, will fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour; and there is one kind of pigeon which can be trained to return from a considerable distance to the place whence it came.

Fifty-six of these birds were once brought over from Holland, and turned out in London at half-past four in the morning; they all reached their dovecots in Holland by noon. So that they performed a journey of 300 miles in seven hours and a half.

The voice or note of birds, of those which only chirp and twitter, as well as of those which sing, is a very cheerful and agreeable sound. They have also peculiar calls, distinct from these. Many birds, too, have great powers of imitation, and can be taught to speak words, and utter various sounds. Thus, we are told of a blackbird "which would sit perched on the top of an ash tree, and crow like a cock." I have heard a raven bark so that I could not distinguish it from a dog. Sometimes the natural call resembles words. The goat-sucker of South America surprises travellers by its, "Who are you? who are you?" Another calls, "Work away, work away;" and another common sort says, "Whip poor Will, whip poor Will."

The cries and calls of birds form a sort

of language between them. A gentleman, who has written the most interesting book about birds I ever read, says—"We once happened to hear a loud outcry amongst a parcel of sparrows, tomtits, and chaffinches; the noise was evidently not their usual note of pleasure, neither was it the clamorous scream they utter when fighting. The bustle occurred within a yard of our window, too near for a hawk to venture; neither was there a cat within sight,—nothing of the sort; but still the din increased, and the bush shook again with flutterings of wings, and clacking of tongues; when at last we espied a pair of inquisitive eyes, and a little sharp snout poked out from the twigs, at the bottom of the bush. It was a weasel, which, on seeing that it was discovered, took to its heels; and in an instant the cries of the sparrows ceased, and the whole party dispersed."

The language of the poultry yard is well known. "The chuck of the hen when she calls her chickens together; her shriek if a hawk is seen flying over her brood, and the

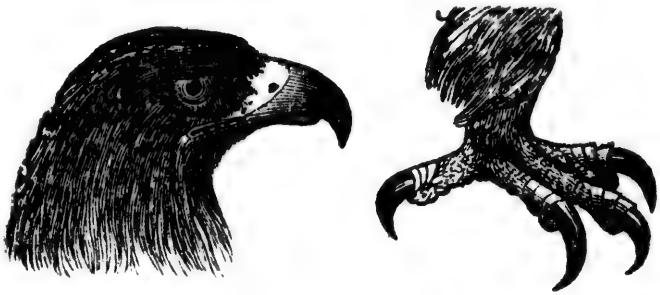
rapid rush of the chickens under her wings; and the cackle of pride or pleasure when she announces to the whole farm-yard the important fact of her having laid an egg. All these sounds are as well understood, by those who are familiar with them, as the language of the mother or the nurse."

FIRST ORDER OF BIRDS.

BIRDS OF PREY, OR RAPACIOUS BIRDS

con-ve-ni-ent	shriek	jut-ted
toe	copse	strew-ed
vul-tures	shin-gle	wrap-ped
con-dor	ey-rie	pre-ci-ous
swoop	diz-zy	hand-ker-chief
seize	at-tempt-ed	root-bound
gal-lant-ly	wring-ing	ac-quir-ed
res-ol-ute-ly	brakes	mat-ted
fa-tal	pre-ci-pice	neigh-bours
es-pe-ci-al-ly	ta-lons	de-scent
bar-ren	su-per-na-tu-	in-tense
in-ter-rupt-ed	ral	rug-ged
pest	un-daunt-ed	faint
pierc-ing	wrath-ful	ter-ri-ble

It has been found convenient to make six divisions (called orders) of birds; putting those together in one division which resemble each other in some one or more points. The first division is *The Birds of Prey*—that is, birds which live on flesh, dead or alive. These birds are known by having long,



hooked, sharp claws—and a beak, strong and hooked for tearing flesh. To this division belong vultures, eagles, hawks, and owls. It contains some f the largest birds we know; for the great condor of South America, and all the vultures, belong to it; —it also contains some small ones—as the sparrow-hawk.

THE EAGLE.

There is a very interesting account in the book I have mentioned, of an attack made by a golden eagle on a little boy in a village near New York in America.

"Two boys, the one seven, the other five years of age, were amusing themselves by trying to reap, while their parents were at dinner. A large eagle soon came sailing

over them, and with a sudden swoop, attempted to seize the eldest, but luckily missed him. The bird alighted at a short distance, and in a few moments repeated his attempt. The bold little fellow, however, gallantly defended himself with the sickle, which he fortunately held in his hand, and when the bird rushed at him, resolutely struck at it. The sickle entered under the left wing and proved fatal."

THE THEFT OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

The golden eagle is found in the British Islands, and especially in the lofty and barren cliffs of the Orkney Islands, which lie on the north of Scotland.

It was once the cause of great distress and terror to the inhabitants of a village there. The villagers had gone out one midsummer's day to the hay fields. About one o'clock they left their labour, to rest, and to eat the provisions they had brought with them. While they were enjoying themselves in this quiet way, the peaceful happy scene was

suddenly interrupted by a great golden eagle, the pride, but also the pest, of the village.

The savage bird stooped down over the party of villagers for a moment in its flight, and then soared away with something in its mouth.

One piercing shriek from a woman's voice was heard, and then the cries of the villagers, exclaiming—"Hannah Lamond's child, Hannah Lamond's child. The eagle has carried it off!"

In an instant, many hundred feet were hurrying towards the mountain, whither the eagle had flown. Two miles of hill and dale, copse and shingle, lay between, but in a short time the foot of the mountain was covered with people.

The eyrie (which is the name for an eagle's nest) was well known, and both of the old birds were visible on the ledge of a high rock. But who could scale that dizzy cliff, which even Jack Stewart, the sailor, had attempted in vain?

All the villagers stood gazing, and weeping, and wringing their hands, yet not daring to

venture up a cliff which seemed to afford them no footing.

Hannah Lamond, meanwhile, was sitting on a rock beneath the mountain, as pale as death, with her eyes fixed on the eyrie. No one had hitherto noticed her, for every eye was, like her's, fixed on the eyrie.

Presently, she started up, crying out—"Only last Sunday was my sweet child baptized," and dashed through the brakes, over the huge stones, and up the precipice faster than the hunter in pursuit of game. No one doubted that she would be dashed to pieces. But the thought of her infant in the talons of the eagle seemed to give the wretched mother supernatural strength. On she went, undaunted by the dangers to which she was exposed on the tremendous precipice up which she was climbing.

As she approached the eyrie, the eagles dashed by, so close to her head that she could see the yellow light of their wrathful eyes. They did not hurt her, but flew to the stump of an ash tree, which jutted out of a corner in the cliff near her. The devoted

mother passed on, and having at length reached the dreaded spot, fell across the eyrie, in the midst of the bones with which it was strewed, and clasped her child alive in her arms.

There it lay, unhurt and at rest, wrapped

up just as she had laid it down to sleep in the harvest-field. The little creature uttered a feeble cry, and she screamed out, "It lives, it lives!"

Binding her precious burden to her waist with her handkerchief, and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, to a small piece of root-bound earth. Her fingers seemed to have acquired new strength, as she swung herself down by broom, and heather, and dwarf birch, striking her feet from time to time against the sharp-edged rocks. But she felt no pain.

The side of the precipice now became steep as the wall of a house; but it was matted with ivy, whose thick, tough stems clung to the rock, and formed a ladder, down which she swung herself; while her neighbours, far below on their knees, were watching her descent with intense eagerness. Again she touched earth and stones. She heard a low bleating beside her, and looking round, saw a goat, with two little kids; she followed their track down the precipice which still remained to descend. Her rugged path

became easier as she went on, and brought her at length to the foot of the mountain again, among her neighbours and friends, who, a few moments before, had scarcely dared to hope they should ever see her again.

On first reaching the ground, the feverish strength which had hitherto supported her, failed, and she fell on the ground in a faint. The crowd that had gathered round to welcome her, now stood back to give her air. She soon recovered, and joined them in giving thanks to God for the wonderful preservation of her child, and her own escape from danger scarcely less terrible.

HAWKS.

seize	weight	tim-id
ta-lons	pounc-ed	fur-row
ap-pa-rent	pur-su-ed	un-fledg-ed
res-cue	prey	buz-zard
un-mo-lest-ed	le-ve-ret	tempt-ing

THIS is a large and fierce tribe of birds.—A *Kestrel* hawk (a common species) was

observed to seize a young blackbird just able to fly, which it was in the act of carrying off in its talons. The old blackbird gave chase with loud cries, and apparent determination to rescue her young one, when the hawk, having allowed her to approach unmolested, in an instant dropped the young bird, caught up the screaming parent, and carried her clear off.

The hawk has strength to support a great weight, as the following story will show:

"A gentleman in Yorkshire, walking in the fields, saw a small hawk attempting to fly off with some prey it had just pounced on, but evidently prevented by the weight from rising to any height above the ground. It was pursued by a hare, which, whenever it

came within her reach, attacked it with her paws, and at last succeeded in knocking it down, when it dropped its prey. At this moment the gentleman ran up, and both the hawk and hare made their retreat. He found the hawk's prey to be a fine leveret, (the name for a young hare,) which the parent, though so timid an animal, had thus bravely attempted to rescue. The poor little creature was bleeding, and the gentleman left it in a furrow, hoping that it would recover, and that the mother would soon find it, and reap the reward of her tenderness."

Though the hawk tribe is thus bold and fierce by nature, they are capable of being tamed.

A sparrow-hawk was once trained to live in a dovecot, with pigeons. They at first deserted it, but afterwards became good friends with the hawk; and he was never known to touch one, (though they are his natural prey,) not even any of the young unfledged ones, helpless and tempting as they must have been.

The buzzard belongs to this tribe of birds.

OWLS.

ra-pa-ci-ous	roos-ting	par-tridge
spe-cies	steep	nest-ling
pli-ant	hen-coop	ceas-ed

THE owl forms the third family of rapacious birds. There are many species of owls, but not more than eight found in our islands. The most beautiful of these is the great snowy owl; he is, however, a very rare bird. The common white owl is well known to all of us. It frequents our barns, and out-houses, or the hollow trees in our gardens; its feathers are so soft and pliant, that its flight is noiseless. It disturbs us, however, with its snoring noise while roosting, and by its call or hooting.

Owls destroy rats, mice, and occasionally birds.

"A Swedish gentleman resided near a steep mountain, on the top of which dwelt two great owls. In the month of July his servants caught a young owl, which had strayed from the nest. They shut it up in

large hen-coop. On the following morning a young partridge was found lying dead before the door of the coop, brought, it was supposed, by the old owls, who had traced out their nestling, and thus provided for its support.

"For fourteen nights, food was regularly placed at the coop door. It ceased about the time when old birds usually leave off feeding their young."

SECOND ORDER OF BIRDS.

PASSERINE.

gal-lin-a-ce-ous	vis-it-ed	in-stinc-tive
pas-ser-ine	pe-cu-li-ar	pain
ac-quaint-ed	host-ler	com-part-ments
cli-mates	af-fec-tion	hatch-ed
war-bling	mu-tu-al	du-ly
au-tumn	pro-vis-ions	rear-ed
sa-gac-i-ty	ac-ci-dent	fledg-ed
in-tim-a-cy	peck-ed	brood
ex-am-in-ing	maim-ed	New-found-land

ALL those birds that are not swimmers, waders, climbers, rapacious, or gallinaceous,

(which last is the name for those that resemble our poultry,) are called passerine; they have one toe behind and three before.

They include a great number of birds, with which you are all acquainted. Some of our sweetest songsters belong to this order of birds—such as the family of the thrushes, to which the blackbird and many others belong.

The finches—among which are the lovely goldfinch; the canary-bird, which comes from warm climates; and the pert, busy sparrow.

Then we have the warbling birds—such as robins, wrens, and nightingales:

The lively swallows, who leave us in the autumn and return in the spring; with many large birds—such as the magpie, jackdaw, rook, raven, and crow.

STORY OF A RAVEN.

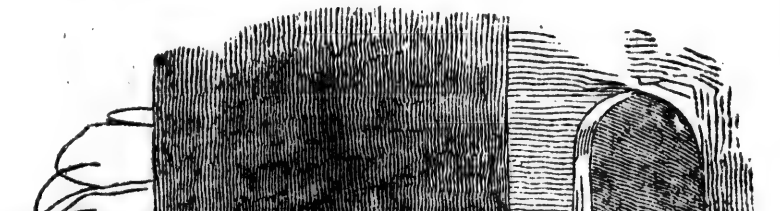
Among many accounts which we have of the sagacity and kindliness of the raven, when it is brought into habits of intimacy

with men and other animals, I shall relate one which I have read.

It occurred many years ago at the Red Lion Inn, Hungerford. A gentleman who lodged there thus tells the history :—

"Coming into the inn yard," says he, "my chaise ran over and bruised the leg of a favourite Newfoundland dog; and, while we were examining the hurt, Ralph, the raven, looked on also, and was evidently making his remarks on what was doing, for the minute my dog was tied up under the manger with my horse, Ralph not only visited him, but brought him bones, and attended him with peculiar marks of kindness. I observed this to the hostler, who told me that the bird had been brought up with a dog, that the affection between them was mutual, and that many were the acts of kindness performed by the one to the other. Ralph's friend, the dog, in the course of time had the misfortune to break his leg, and during the long period of his confinement the raven waited on him constantly, carried him his provisions, and scarcely ever left him alone.

"One night, by accident, the stable door had been shut, and Ralph had been deprived of his friend's company all night; but the hostler found, in the morning, the door so



pecked away, that had it not been opened, Ralph would soon have made his own entrance.

"The landlord of the inn not only declared that the hostler's story was true, but mentioned many other acts of kindness which his raven had shown to all dogs, but more especially to maimed or wounded ones."

STORY OF A ROBIN.

The robin, as you all know, is fond of the society of men, and seems to have an instinctive trust in them. I well remember a family of robins that used to come in the cold winter days regularly to be fed at our nursery window.

I have read of a pair of robins that took possession of one of the pigeon holes or compartments of a book-shelf, in a school which was attended by seventy children. The hole they chose was one just above the heads of a class of little girls, from four to five years old, who took care not to disturb the birds. There they made their nest, and there the hen robin laid and hatched five eggs. One of the young ones died in a few days, and the body was carried away by the parent birds; the remaining four were duly fed and reared, in the presence of the children. Soon after they were fledged and had flown, the old bird returned to the nest and laid three more eggs, which she hatched in the same way.

About twelve years afterwards a pair of

robins,—probably the same old ones, or young ones of the brood hatched there, built in the very same hole.

THIRD ORDER OF BIRDS.

SCANSORES OR CLIMBERS.

climb-ers	op-po-site	forth
blithe	pos-ses-sion	in-sects
pre-pare	ten-der	con-ceal-ed

This order consists of birds which have two toes behind and two before.

Among the scansores are the cuckoos, woodpeckers, and wrynecks of this country; the parrots and cockatoos of hot countries, &c.

THE CUCKOO.

Oh blithe new comer! I have heard—
I hear thee, and rejoice.
Oh, Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?
While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.—*Wordsworth.*

As soon as winter is well over, and spring showers prepare the way for May flowers, we hear the cuckoo's note. We commonly hear the cuckoo's call singly; but it appears that they come to this country in little flocks.

"Some years ago, early in spring, at dawn of day, a gentleman who lived on the Cheshire side of the river Mersey, opposite Liverpool, was awakened by a kind of chattering noise, interrupted by the cry of 'Cuckoo, cuckoo,' which came from a low

plantation near his house, situated among sand hills bordering the shores of the gulf, and, on looking out, he observed a pretty large flock of cuckoos, which soon after sunrise all took to flight."

The cuckoo, as is well known, makes use of the nests of other birds, and leaves her young one to be brought up by the tender care of another no way related to it.

THE WOODPECKER.

The woodpecker, another of the birds called climbers, is common in woods in England; and its noisy, merry cry may be often heard coming from some large tree, to which the bird may be seen clinging, and against which it will tap with its bill, to rouse the insects concealed beneath the bark.

FOURTH ORDER OF BIRDS.

RASORES, POULTRY, &c.

pig-eon	quail	Guin-ea
in-clud-ing	spright-ly	os-trich
breadth	pheas-ant	short-wing-ed
mil-lions	cor-al	fa-mous

In this order of birds the pigeon family are placed, including the pretty wood-quest, gentle dove, &c.

Pigeons multiply very fast. In America they fly in vast flocks. A naturalist relates that he saw a flock of pigeons one mile in breadth, which he thinks must have contained many millions.

The birds properly called poultry are, our common cock—a handsome, sprightly fellow, —with the quiet, motherly hen; turkeys, which are found in large flocks in America, but are not wild with us; the pheasant with his pretty feathers; the partridge, the bustard, the little quail, and the Guinea fowl.

There are several short-winged birds, in other countries, that belong to the fourth

order, such as the ostrich; his short wings only assist him in his course, being unfit for flying. He can run with very great swiftness, has legs of great power, and is taller than man.

FIFTH ORDER OF BIRDS.

GRALLATORES OR WADERS.

hab-its	stilts	brood
haunt	for-eign	con-struct

The waders are birds whose habits lead them to haunt marshy and watery places. They have long legs, unfeathered up to the thighs, which enable them to walk as it were on stilts, and keep their bodies out of the mud.

Snipes, woodcocks, the water-hen, the coot, the plover, the stork, the heron, and many other British and foreign birds, belong to this order.

WATER-HEN.

This interesting bird is very common both in England and Ireland. It may be found on the rushy edges of narrow streams, or

among the broad floating leaves of the water lily, in ponds, or swimming on streams, and often in the evening wandering in the new-shorn grass of hay fields.

It appears that these little creatures have sometimes two broods in one season, and the young ones of the first brood assist their parents in feeding those of the second, leading them out in parties, and making little nests for them on the edge of the water, as had been done for themselves by their parents.

SIXTH ORDER OF BIRDS.

NATATORES, OR WEB-FOOTED SWIMMING BIRDS.

or-der	kitch-en	bul-rush
u-nit-ed	aux-i-e-ties	state-ly
awk-ward	stun-ned	fal-con
gait	ad-ven-tur-ous	lurk-ing
sa-gac-i-ty	per-ils	ot-ter
re-pair-ed	sed-gy	foam-ing

THIS order contains swimming birds, which have toes united by a thick skin, called a

web. They have not long legs, like the waders; their habits of living do not require them.

Ducks, geese, swans, and gulls, which are found in these countries; and pelicans, which inhabit Asia and some parts of America, are of the sixth order.

STORY OF THE GOOSE.

The goose has been pointed out as the most foolish of birds, probably from its awkward gait. The following stories, however, prove both its courage and sagacity.

An old goose, which had been for a fortnight sitting on some eggs in a farmer's kitchen, was perceived to be suddenly taken ill. She soon after left the nest and repaired to an out-house, where there was a young goose of the first year, which she brought with her to the kitchen. The young one immediately scrambled into the old one's nest, sat, hatched, and afterwards brought up the brood.

The old goose, as soon as the young one had taken her place, sat down by the side of the nest, and shortly after died. As the young goose had never been in the habit of entering the kitchen before, it is supposed that the old one had some mode of communicating her thoughts and anxieties to the young one.

At Ashbury, near Congleton, in Cheshire, several geese were feeding in a barn where some men were threshing, with a sparrow near them, when a hawk suddenly pounced on the sparrow, and would have carried it off had not the gander struck the hawk so violent a blow on the head, that it was stunned and taken up for dead by one of the threshers.

THE COOT SEATED ON ITS NEST, AND FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER IN A STORM.

Oh, coot! oh bold, adventurous coot,
I pray thee tell to me
The perils of that stormy time
That bore thee to the sea!

I saw thee on the river fair,
Within thy sedgy screen;
Around thee grew the bulrush tall,
And reeds so strong and green.

The king-fisher came back again
To view thy fairy place;
The stately swan sailed statelier by,
As if thy home to grace.

But soon the mountain flood came down,
And bowed the bulrush strong;
And far above those tall, green reeds
The waters poured along.

"And where is she, the water-coot,"
I cried, "that creature good?"
But then I saw thee in thine ark,
Regardless of the flood.

Amid the foaming waves thou sat'st,
And steer'dst thy little boat,
Thy nest of rush and water-reed,
So bravely set afloat.

And on it went, and safely, on
That wild and stormy tide;
And there thou sat'st, a mother bird,
Thy young ones at thy side.

Oh, coot! oh bold, adventurous coot,
I pray thee tell to me
The perils of that stormy course,
That bore thee to the sea!

Hadst thou no fear, as night came down,
Upon thy watery way,
Of enemies, and dangers dire,
That round about thee lay?

Didst thou not see the falcon grim
Sweep down as thou passed by?
And 'mong the waving water-flags
The lurking otter lie?

The eagle's scream came wildly near,
Yet caused thee no alarm!
Nor man, who seeing thee, weak thing,
Did strive to do thee harm!

And down the foaming water-fall,
As thou wast borne along,
Hadst thou no dread? oh, daring bird,
Thou hadst a spirit strong!

Yes, thou hadst fear! But He who sees
The sparrows when they fall,
He saw thee, bird, and gave thee strength
To brave thy perils all.

He kept thy little ark afloat;
He watched o'er thine and thee;
And safely through the foaming flood
Hath brought thee to the sea.

QUADRUPEDS.

Mam-mal-i-a	en-clos-ed	hab-it
hoofs	thumb	form-ed

Under the name of quadrupeds, I propose to speak of those four-footed animals, which suckle their young, and from this circum-

stance are called *Mammalia*, in common with some other animals.

You may observe that beasts differ from each other very much in respect of their feet; that some of them, such as dogs, cats, lions, &c., have claws; but that others, such as cows, horses, pigs, &c., have hoofs: and thus we may divide quadrupeds into these two large classes—1st. Those whose feet are formed of fingers or toes, with nails or claws; 2d. Those whose toe or toes are enclosed in a horny case, which we call a hoof.

Of those quadrupeds whose feet are formed of fingers or toes, some have fingers and a thumb, formed for grasping, like a hand, which they also walk on;—such are the monkeys. 2nd. Some walk on the sole of the foot, as bears. 3rdly. Some, and by far the greatest number, walk on their toes, as dogs, cats, lions, &c., and as all hoofed animals do. The structure of the feet is in every case accompanied by corresponding difference of appearance and habit in the animals

QUADRUMANA, OR FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS
THE APE AND MONKEY.

mis-chief	rig-ging	main-top
in-ge-ni-ous	choc-o-late	freaks
naught-y	liz-ard	gut-tur-al
mis-chiev-ous	Man-il-la	de-pos-it-ed
plan-tains	ir-ri-tat-ed	pre-fer-red
ra-ven-ous-ly	do-cile	bis-cuit
de-co-rum	Ma-lay	re-pel-led

THESE animals bear a nearer resemblance to man than does any other brute. They have a quick memory, great powers of imitating, and especially of imitating man, with a love of fun and mischief, which is sometimes rather troublesome.

A monkey at the Zoological Garden in the Park, used a very ingenious contrivance, and one which showed some thought, to get at a nut which was thrown outside his cage too far for him to reach. He took a piece of straw, and making a loop in it, pushed it under the bars, and thus drew in the nut. But the quickness and intelligence of the monkey tribe is not always so harmlessly

employed, and they often remind us of naughty, mischievous children.

The following account, related by Mr. Bennet,* of an ape belonging to him, and of his habits during a voyage to England, is very curious and amusing.

STORY OF THE APE UNGKA.

Ungka's food was various; he preferred vegetables, such as rice, plantains, &c., and was ravenously fond of carrots. Although, when at dinner, he would behave well, and not intrude his paw into our plates,—having "acquired politeness," as the sailors said, by being on board,—yet when the carrots appeared, all his decorum was lost, in his desire for them; and it required some exertion to keep him from attacking them with tooth and paw. A piece of carrot would draw him from one end of the table to the other, over which he would walk, without disturbing a single article, though the ship was

* George Bennet, Esq., Author of "Wanderings in New South Wales," &c

rolling at the time; so admirably can these animals balance themselves.

This is well seen when they play about the rigging of a ship at sea; often, when springing from rope to rope, have I expected to see him plunged into the waves, but as often did I find my fears groundless.

He would drink tea, coffee, or chocolate, but neither wine nor spirits. Of animal food, he prefers fowl; but when a lizard was caught on board, he devoured it eagerly. He was very fond of sweet things also; and was very eager to procure some Manilla cakes which were kept on board. He would enter the cabin in which they were kept, and try to lift up the cover of the jar.

Ungka was very fond of liberty; the first instance I observed of this, was soon after he had been presented to me. On entering the yard in which he was tied up, I observed him busily engaged in removing his belt to which the cord or chain was fixed, and which had been loosened, at the same time whining and uttering a peculiar squeaking noise. As soon as he had succeeded in procuring his

liberty, he walked, in his usual erect posture, towards some Malays, who were standing near the place; and after hugging the legs of several of the party, without, however, permitting them to take him in their arms, he went to a Malay lad, who seemed to be the object of his search; for on meeting with him, he immediately climbed into his arms and hugged him closely, seeming glad to be in the arms of him who I found was his former master.

Ungka, though a little troublesome at first, soon became quiet in the boat which took us to the ship. When on board, we found that he was so irritated at being confined, and so docile when at liberty, that he was permitted to range about the deck or rigging, as he pleased.

He usually went to rest at sunset, on the maintop, coming on deck at daylight; but when we had colder weather, near the Cape of Good Hope, he showed a wish to come into my cabin to sleep, and did not like to return to the maintop even in fine weather. He would approach me with a peculiar begging,

chirping noise, when he wished to be taken into my cabin and put to bed.

He could not endure disappointment, when refused any thing, he would display freaks of temper, like a naughty, spoiled child—lie on the deck, roll about, throw his arms and legs about, dash every thing aside that might be within his reach, then get up and walk in a hurried manner to and fro; and all this he would do over and over again, uttering loud, guttural sounds of ra, ra, which he only pronounced when very angry or frightened. This violence of temper was in some degree checked by punishment. But before this, he often reminded me of that pest to society, a spoiled child.

His look was grave, and his manner mild, and he had not much delight in those mischievous tricks so peculiar to the monkey tribe.

Once or twice, I reproved him on taking away my soap continually from the washing place, for he was in the habit of removing it, for his amusement, from its place, and leaving it about the cabin. One morning I was

writing, the ape being in my cabin, when casting my eyes towards him, I saw the little fellow taking the soap. I watched him, without his perceiving that I did so, and he now and then cast a glance at me. I pretended to write, and he, seeing me busily occupied, took the soap, and moved away with it in his paw. When he had walked half the length of the cabin, I spoke quietly, without frightening him. The instant he found that I saw him, he walked back again, and deposited the soap in the place from whence he had taken it.

He soon knew the name of Ungka, which had been given to him, and would readily come to those to whom he was attached when called by it. His gentleness and playfulness made him a general favourite; but he preferred children, and was particularly fond of a little child, a native of one of the South Sea Islands, who was on board. They were often seen sitting, the ape with his arm round her neck, eating biscuit together. And she would lead him about by his long arms, like an elder child leading a younger. He would

sometimes let her amuse herself by dragging him about deck with a string tied to his leg. And he would, good-naturedly, bear this for some time, as if to amuse his little playmate; but at last growing tired of this fun, in which he had no share, he would try and disengage himself. If he found the attempt fruitless, he would walk up to her and make a slight impression with his teeth on her arm, as a hint that no more liberties were to be taken, or, as the child would say, "Ungka no like play now."

There were several monkeys on board ship, with which the ape wished to make acquaintance, but the little monkeys would have nothing to say to him, and repelled his approach by chattering and other angry signs peculiar to them.

Ungka, who had no tail himself, would sometimes amuse himself by pulling at the tails of the monkeys, but they found means at last of punishing him. And he then made friends with a little, clean pig, pulling at his tail as he ran about deck, but without seeming to annoy him.

From this account of Ungka's ways, you may suppose he was a very great favourite on board the ship, and when he was ill, there were as many inquiries about his health, as if he had been a human being.

(PLANTIGRADE) QUADRUPEDS WHICH WALK ON THE SOLES OF THEIR FEET.

fit-ted	voy-ag-ers	stom-achs
un-wield-y	sing-ly	kan-ger-oo
squeeze	mor-sel	graz-ing
vic-tim	lev-el-led	se-vere-ly
prin-ci-pal	crawl-ed	chas-tise
gloss-y	en-tice	a-gile
fer-oc-i-ty	plan-ti-grade	o-pos-sum

Such are bears, racoons, gluttons. Some of these are carnivorous, having teeth fitted for eating flesh, but partly live on fruits, roots, or insects.

THE BEAR.

The largest of this tribe of Quadrupeds is the bear, a huge unwieldy creature, and in

its appearance very unlike some of those little animals which resemble it in the shape and mode of using their feet.

Look to your prints of a bear, sitting on its hind legs, and using the fore legs as arms, with which, when provoked, it will squeeze its victim to death. The two principal varieties are the brown and the black. The black bear has a beautiful glossy fur, and is found in North America.

The white bear of the northern seas differs much from the other two, and is remarkable for its ferocity, as well as its love for its young.

Some voyagers to the northern seas, after speaking of its ferocity, tell this story of its motherly love.

STORY OF A WHITE BEAR.

Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head of the Carcase, (the name of their ship,) gave notice that three bears were making their way across the ice, towards the ship. They had, doubtless, been invited by the

smell of the flesh of a sea-horse, killed a few days before. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse upon the ice; these the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion for herself.

As she was fetching away her last morsel, the sailors (very cruelly, I think) levelled their muskets at the cubs, shot them dead, and wounded the dam. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling persons, to witness the affectionate movements of the poor beast. Though sadly wounded, she crawled to the place where her young ones lay, carried the lump of flesh which she had fetched away, and laid it, as she had done the others, before them. When she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paw first on one of them, then on the other, and tried to raise them up. When she found she could not make them move, she went off; but after she had gone a little way, she

looked back and moaned. Finding she could not entice them away, she returned, and smelling around them, began to lick their wounds. Again she crawled away, and looking back, stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, as she expected, she returned to them again, and with inexpressible fondness, went first round one and then round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last, I suppose, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled at the murderers of her young, who again shot at her, and she, falling between them, died licking their wounds.

MARSUPIAL, POUCHED ANIMALS.

There is a large species of animals which we may speak of in this place, because they resemble the bear in one point,—that of being *plantigrade* in the hind legs,—that is, they rest on the whole of the foot with those legs. In most other respects, they are unlike these and all other quadrupeds.

These animals have a pouch or bag under their stomachs, and are hence called *Marsupial*. In this bag they carry their young, until they are able to take care of themselves.

There are a number of animals quite different from each other, some carnivorous, and others living on vegetables, which resemble each other in being all furnished with this bag.

Some very different from the rest, called kangaroos, natives of New Holland, have been brought to this country.

The common kangaroo is a beautiful animal, of a reddish-brown colour, with a face somewhat like a mouse, if we can fancy a mouse so large.

The hind legs are long, the fore legs very short, and seldom used but in grazing.

Their usual mode of moving forward is by long leaps, much as we do when we stoop down a little and jump forward.

Imagine one of those beautiful, agile creatures suddenly leaping over your head, and leaving you far behind.

They are gentle, never attacking except in self-defence, and feed mostly on vegetables.

Of the other marsupial or pouch-bearing animals, a few are called opossums, some of which are found in Central America.

(DIGITIGRADE)—ANIMALS WHICH WALK ON THEIR TOES.

al-li-ed	anx-i-ous	seiz-ing
hy-æ-na	mor-ass-es	fierce
ti-ny	fruit-less	sa-gac-i-ty
in-stincts	shep-herd	pro-pen-si-ties
Es-qui-maux	fa-tigue	de-grad-ed
sledge	al-low-ance	li-a-ble
scent	ca-tar-act	tor-por
res-cue	rugg-ed	twi-light
a-val-anche	de-scent	slop-ing
shear-ing	brink	wrap-per
strag-glers	scram-bled	prec-i-pice
ex-cur-sions	leop-ard	crouch-ed

This is a large division of animals, including dogs, cats, lions, tigers, and many other beasts of prey, which are called also *carnivorous;* they have teeth fitted for cutting and

tearing flesh, and possess strength, agility, and dexterity, for catching and killing their prey. There are, however, some families of this division of animals, which will not, or do not usually eat flesh. The only beasts of prey which have been made domestic, that is, fit to live with man, are dogs and cats.

The dog is nearly allied to the wolf and more distantly to the fox and fierce hyæna. So numerous and various are the kinds of dog, that it is difficult to give any description which applies to all; and yet we never seem to doubt, when we see a new variety, to what species of animals it belongs, since from the great Newfoundland down to the tiny spaniel, there is a general resemblance.

They are all, though in different degrees, capable of strong attachment to man, and may be easily trained to habits of obedience and of intelligent attention to the services required of them, even when these are contrary to their own natural instincts. Thus the Esquimaux dog draws a sledge, though nothing can be more opposite to his natural habits. The shepherd's dog faithfully guards

a flock, though nature impels him to devour sheep. The mastiff protects a house. The Newfoundland dog will plunge into the water to save his master. The keen scent of the Spanish bloodhound used to be employed by its cruel master, in hunting down human beings to death, while the dog of St. Bernard has been taught by means of the same keen scent, to find out and rescue at the risk of his life, poor creatures perishing in the snow. Some of these dogs are kept by the monks, who live in a convent on Mount St. Bernard, (one of the lofty mountains of Switzerland,) for the purpose of assisting poor travellers who have lost their way, or have met with accidents. A story is told of one of these dogs which found a lost child among the mountains; its mother had been destroyed by the fall of a mass of snow, called an avalanche; the dog induced the poor little boy to mount upon his back, and thus carried him to the gate of the convent, where his masters, the kind monks of St. Bernard, lived.

ANECDOTE OF A SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The valleys of the Grampian mountains, in the north of Scotland, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures over which each flock is allowed to range, extend over many miles, and the shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when it is collected for the purpose of shearing. His occupation is to make daily visits to the different parts of his pasture, and to turn back, by means of his dog, any stragglers that may have approached the boundaries of his neighbours.

In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to take with him one of his children, a boy about three years old. After having walked some distance, the shepherd found himself obliged to ascend a steep place, which the child was unable to climb; he therefore left it on a small plain at the bottom, with strict commands not to stir till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the top of the hill, when he was overtaken by one of those thick fogs, which

frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as in the space of a few minutes to change day into night.

The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child, but, owing to the darkness, and to his agitation, he unfortunately missed his way. After a fruitless search of many hours, among the dangerous morasses and torrents with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on, he at last discovered, by the light of the moon, that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was close to his own cottage.

To renew the search that night would have been equally dangerous and fruitless; he therefore returned home, having lost his child, and also his dog, which had attended him faithfully for many years. Next morning by day break, the shepherd, accompanied by some of his neighbours, set out to look for his child; but, after a day of fruitless fatigue, he was again compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain

On returning to his cottage he found that his dog had been home, but after receiving a piece of oat-cake for his supper, had instantly gone off again. For several days the shepherd continued the search for his lost child, and every day on returning disappointed, in the evening, to his cottage, he found that the dog had been there, had received his allowance of oat-cake, and had instantly disappeared with it. Struck with this circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog as usual departed with his oat cake, he resolved to follow him.

The dog led the way to a cataract, (or fall of water,) at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child; he then began to make his way down a steep and rugged descent, and at last disappeared in a cave, the entrance of which was close to the fall.

The shepherd with difficulty followed, but, on entering the cave, what was his delight, on perceiving his child eating, with much satisfaction, the cake which the faithful dog had just brought him!

From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and either fallen or scrambled down, till he reached the cave, which his fear of the torrent prevented him from leaving.

The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and had prevented the little creature from starving, by bringing him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have left the child night or day, except to go for his food, after receiving which, he had been seen running at full speed from the cottage.

We may imagine the delight of the father and his gratitude to the dumb preserver of his child.

THE CAT.

To the cat tribe of animals, belong the lion, the tiger, the leopard, &c.; for they resemble each other in their structure, in their mode of seizing their prey, and many other of their habits

The cat, then, that meek and gentle creature, connects us with the proud lion and ferocious tiger. The cat, in its wild state, however, shows all the qualities of a fierce beast of prey. The domestic cat seems peculiarly suited to be the companion of our fire-side, which, perhaps, it loves even better than ourselves. It is capable of attachment, however; has a good memory, and much sagacity.

There lived a cat in a family I knew, which, when she was shut up in a room and wished to get out, would actually ring the bell; she must therefore have observed, that such a movement was followed by the door being opened, and she made use of it for that purpose.

The cat never loses her propensities to destroy, as a beast of prey. If she is too well fed to eat, she will still destroy her natural prey; and, herein she differs from the more generous dog.

THE LION.

This great and powerful animal has been commonly called the king of beasts; and his appearance, even in his degraded position, as a state prisoner in one of our dens, makes good his claim to our respect.

We cannot look at him without feeling for the inhabitants of those countries where he reigns, and whose path is liable to be crossed by a foe so deadly.

He is his greatest strength and size in the South of Africa, and is a scourge to the Hottentot tribes who dwell there; who, unable to resist him by open force, sometimes escape his fury by stratagem.

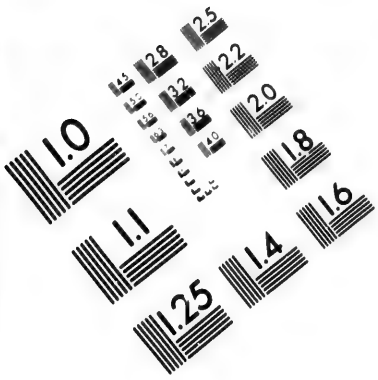
ANECDOTE OF THE LION AND THE HOTTENTOT.

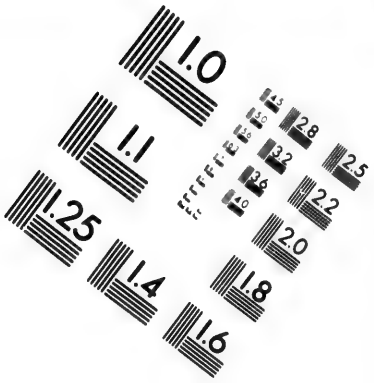
A Hottentot having with him no weapon of defence, and happening to be out late in the day, came suddenly upon a lion in a state of torpor. It was too late for him to get home before sunset, and he knew from the habits of the beast, that as soon as twilight

came on, he would follow his scent, and spring upon him; he therefore looked about for means of deliverance.

He perceived a sloping ground at a little distance, on the other side of which, there was a precipice: he crept towards it, and, taking off his wrapper, or whatever portion of dress he wore, he hung it on a stick, which he stuck on the edge of the precipice, while he himself crept a little way down, so as to conceal himself from the lion.

What he expected took place. Soon after sunset the lion roused himself, and his scent directed him to the spot. He crouched down opposite to the supposed man, viz. the piece of cloth hung upon a stick, and at length, making his usual spring at it, fell over the precipice and was killed.





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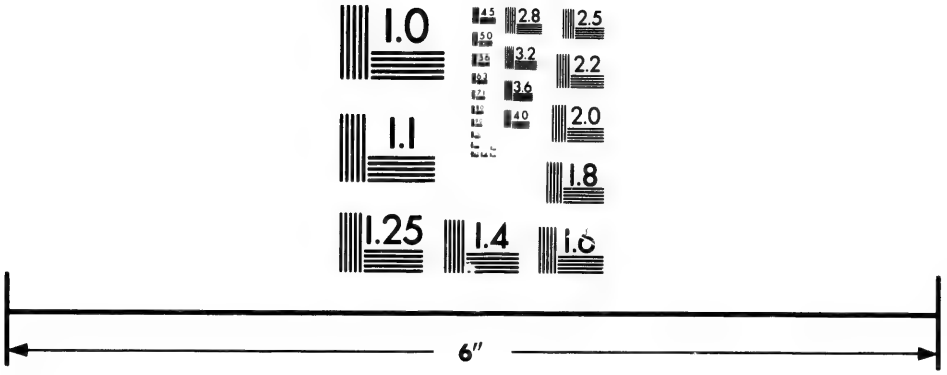

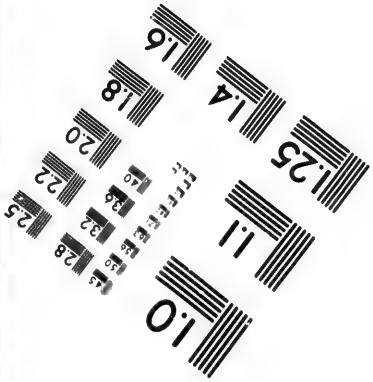

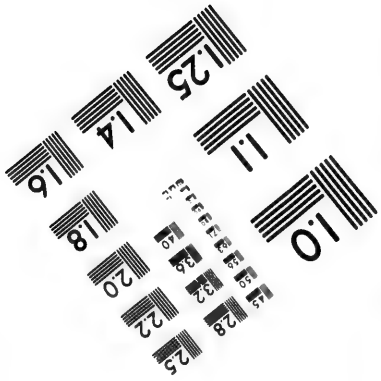

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RODENTIA, OR GNAWING ANIMALS.

chis-els	pop-lar	taw-ny
gnaw-ing	crev-i-ces	nought
gam-bol-ing	har-mon-y	bur-row
sep-ar-ate	de-vours	wends
cir-cu-lar	lar-væ	car-ol
clus-ter-ing	ar-ma-dil-lo	ber-ry

THE gnawing animals have two strong sharp front teeth, like chisels, in each jaw, fit for cutting or gnawing, and hence they are called *Rodentia* or gnawing animals. Such are rabbits, hares, rats, and mice, squirrels, and beavers; all small animals, some of them not unwilling to eat flesh.

Some of these animals are well known to you. The gnawing habits of the pretty little mouse, as well as of the fierce rat, must have come under your notice; and you have probably seen the rabbit, with its long ears, and soft fur.

The squirrel is found in woods, and it is sometimes seen shut up in a cage. He is a pretty, lively little creature, and it is

amusing to see him sitting on his hind legs with his long tail over his back, cracking nuts, or gamboling from tree to tree.

The beaver is hunted and taken for his skin, with which men's hats are sometimes partly made. It is found in the northern parts of Europe and Asia, but chiefly of America.

Beavers have very curious and interesting habits: they live in large and separate families, and unite together in building their winter homes. These buildings are of a circular form; the walls thick, and sometimes eight feet high, clustering together like little villages on streams.

They begin their joint labours early in summer, assembling together in some convenient spot, and cutting down branches of willow, birch, and poplar trees, drift them down the stream to the place they have chosen: thus provided with materials, they fall to work.

When they expect a want of water in the stream, their first business is to build a dam, that is, to lay logs of wood across it and fill

up the crevices with mud, clay, or stones, so as to prevent the water from escaping. The little creatures carry these stones, &c., between their fore feet and throat.

The dam is made in an arched shape, and of great strength and thickness, so that it cannot be easily washed away. Their village is built around it, and the different families live in great harmony.

EDENTATE ANIMALS.

Some animals have no cutting teeth, and some no teeth at all. Both these families are called *Edentata*, or toothless. They are not very interesting in their appearance or habits. One of them, the sloth, so called from its supposed heavy, inactive gait, is a native of South America, and has once been brought to this country; its habit is to swing itself by its four legs round the bough of a tree, where it will remain suspended for a length of time together without feeding; it, however, moves rapidly when excited.

Another, called the ant-eater, is a curious looking animal, with a very long snout; he bores into the ant-hills and devours the inhabitants.

The armadillo, resembling a little pig in armour, belongs also to the Edentata.

THE DORMOUSE.

The little dormouse is tawny red;
He makes against winter a nice snug bed;
He makes his bed in a mossy bank,
Where the plants in the summer grow tall and rank;
Away from the daylight, far under ground,
His sleep through the winter is quiet and sound.
And when all above him it freezes and snows,
What is it to him, for he nought of it knows?
And till the cold time of the winter is gone,
The little dormouse keeps sleeping on.
But at last in the fresh breezy days of the spring,
When the green leaves bud, and the merry birds sing,

And the dead of the winter is over and past,
The little dormouse peeps out at last.
Out of his snug, quiet burrow he wends,
And looks all about for his neighbours and friends;
Then he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch,
"'Tis a beautiful day for the first day of March.
The Violet is blowing, the blue sky is clear;
The lark is uprising—his carol I hear:
And in the green fields are the lamb and the foal:
I'm glad I'm not sleeping now down in my hole."

Then away he runs, in his merry mood,
Over the fields and into the wood,
To find any grain there may chance to be,
Or any small berry that hangs on the tree.
So, from early morning, 'till late at night,
Has the poor little creature its own delight,
Looking down to the earth, and up to the sky,
Thinking, "What a happy dormouse am I!"

HOOFED ANIMALS.

a-a-min-ate	rein-deer	freight-ed
chew-ing	whole-some	jour-neys
so-lemn	freight	de-spond
gir-affe	pre-ci-ous	wastes

This is a very large and useful class, distinguished by having a horny case to the toe, on which they walk, which is called a hoof; but they differ very much in their habits, and have hence been divided into two tribes—those that chew the cud, or ruminate, and those that do not.

I.—RUMINANT ANIMALS.

Animals that ruminate have several stomachs, and are so formed, that when they have swallowed a sufficient quantity of food to fill the first stomach, it is returned into the mouth to be chewed again, which is called chewing the cud, or ruminating.

You may have observed cattle, when they have left off grazing, stand, and look very solemn while they perform this operation, which seems agreeable to them.

All animals with horns on the skull ruminate, as well as some few who have not horns.

Ruminant animals have also the hoof divided, and hence are called cloven-footed.

The most remarkable among the ruminant cloven-footed animals are, the giraffe, the camel, cattle, sheep, deer, and goats.

The giraffe is by far the tallest and most graceful of all these animals; it is found in Africa, and has been brought to this country; but, it appears to be the least useful of the ruminant animals.

The most valuable to us in this country, are cattle and sheep. To the Laplanders, the reindeer fills the place of both these, as well as of the horse. It draws their sledges over the frozen snow; it gives them milk; and its flesh and warm skin are as useful as those of the sheep to us.

To the inhabitants of warmer countries, and especially to the wandering tribes of the deserts, both in Asia and Africa, the camel is the most valuable animal they possess. Patient and gentle in its disposition, it is

capable of bearing the heavy burdens, which it kneels down to receive from its master, over the sands of the desert; and it is able to go a length of time without water, because its stomach is provided with cells capable of preserving the water it drinks in a pure and wholesome state.

The camel is too valuable to be much used for food, but its milk is drank by the desert tribes, and also made into cheese; while the softest shawls are manufactured from its hair.

THE CAMEL.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Might'st be guided by a child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless.
Thou dost clothe him, thou dost feed,
Thou dost lend to him thy speed;
And through wilds of trackless sand,
In the hot Arabian land,—
Where no rock its shadow throws,
Where no pleasant water flows,

Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of singing bird,—
There thou go'st, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
Bearing freight of precious things,
Silks for merchants, gold for kings;
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freighted like a goodly ship.
And when week by week is gone,
While the traveller journeys on,
When his strength and hope are fled,
And his fainting heart seems dead;
Thy mild eye doth gently say,
"Journey on for this one day;
Do not let thy heart despond,
There is water yet beyond!
I can scent it in the air,
Do not let thy heart despair!"
And thou guid'st the traveller there.
Thus these desert wastes might be
Untracked regions but for thee.

MARY HOWITT.

II.—ANIMALS WITH HOOFS.

NON-RUMINANT;

CALLED ALSO THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS, OR PACHYDERMATA.

in-ter-nal	pil-lars	un-wield-y
struc-ture	pro-ject-ing	en-tang-led
el-e-phant	ner-vous	dis-en-gage
rhin-oc-er-ous	flex-i-ble	boun-dary
zeb-ra	for-mid-a-ble	rough
e-nor-mous	do-cile	re-sent-ful
mas-sive	bus-i-ness	ob-stin-a-cy

THIS division contains a number of large animals which bear little resemblance to each other, but whose internal structure is similar.

It includes both those animals which have one solid, undivided hoof—like the horse, ass, and zebra,—and some of those whose hoof is divided into two or more pieces—as the elephant, the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, pig, and others.

Of those with the solid hoof, the horse and ass are well known to you. The zebra, which resembles them very much, inhabits the hot

plains of Africa: it has not been tamed sufficiently to be useful to man.

THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant belongs, as I have said, to the tribe of divided hoofs. It has, in fact, four on each foot.

The elephant is an enormous animal, from five to thirteen feet in height, supported by four massive legs, like pillars.

If you look to your prints you must notice the huge trunk, like a very, very long nose, projecting above his mouth. This trunk is the most valuable member he possesses, and he knows it well, and if by chance it is wounded in the slightest way, he becomes nervous and fearful; he is so careful of it, that he will not use it as a weapon, except in throwing stones at a distance; and if a tiger attack him, he throws it up in the air to keep it out of harm's way.

This trunk serves him as a hand, and also both as a drinking horn and as a pump, for he drops it into the water, which he sucks up till it is full, and then at his pleasure he

pours it into his mouth beneath. As a hand, it is so strong that he can tear off large branches of trees, and pull up small trees by the roots, yet so flexible and delicate in touch, that he can pick up a pin.

The elephant is found in Asia and Africa, far from the abodes of man, "in forests and marshy plains, covered with long grass." He is a most formidable animal in the wild state, but most docile and intelligent when tamed. He has indeed noble qualities;—strong affections, gratitude, and patience. A very interesting anecdote (among many others) is related of his gentleness and intelligence.

"I have seen," says an officer who had served in India, "the wife of a camp-follower give her baby in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business; and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of its unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie in one place, would, when left to itself, begin to crawl about, and get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; on such

occasions he would, in the tenderest manner, disengage his little charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the branches. If the child had crawled to such a distance that it was likely to get beyond his boundary, (for the elephant was chained by the leg to a peg driven into the ground,) he would stretch out his trunk and lift it back as gently as possible to the spot from whence it had started; seeming perfectly aware how easily the little creature would be injured by rough treatment."

But the elephant, though so gentle, is resentful of injuries, and he punishes them, though not at all in a cruel way.

There was an elephant, called in the language of the country, Pangul, or Fool, but he proved how little he deserved that name. Pangul, when a heavier burden was placed on him than he chose to bear, used constantly to pull off part of it from his back, and put it down. The person who had ordered him to be laden, being irritated at his obstinacy, threw a tent-pin at his head. In a few days after, as the animal

was going from the camp to water, he overtook this man, and seizing him with his trunk, lifted him into a large tamarind tree which overhung the road, leaving him to get down as well as he could.

Another person wishing to try how far the elephant could remember a slight offence gave him some pepper between bread, to eat. The animal was displeased at the affront; and about six weeks afterwards, when the joker went to fondle him, he gently and quietly drenched him with dirty water from head to foot.

PRIVATIONS AND NATURAL DEFECTS

sur-viv-ed	a-cute-ness	pre-vi-ous-ly
stif-ling	nic-e-ty	stil-et
ex-pir-ing	im-part-ing	pub-lish-ed
de-fects	re-lief	mutes
pri-va-tions	sep-ar-ate	in-ge-ni-ous
hu-mane	moist-en-ed	sys-tem
in-tent-ly	types	in-ter-course

Our greatest blessings being common to all it is not until they are withdrawn, that

people are apt to think much about their value.

Those who survived the sufferings endured in a stifling prison, called the Black Hole, at Calcutta, where numbers of Englishmen died from want of air, would never afterwards think slightly of the blessing of breathing it pure and unconfined. Nor would those who have ever been expiring of thirst, like Ali Bey and his companions in the desert, be likely to swallow a drop of water without feelings of thankfulness.

Few of us, perhaps, are very grateful to Providence for the use of all our faculties, until we have learned their value by the sight of persons who are deprived of them. And this is one way in which the natural defects of others may be made useful to their companions. But there is another also. Those who have witnessed the privations of the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, will not only, I trust, learn to value the possession of sight, and the power of hearing and seeing, but they will be reminded to ask themselves, what use they have made of these gifts;

whether they have looked, and heard, and spoken in vain;—for however little they may think about these things now, they will surely have to render an account of them to their Great Giver hereafter.

OF THE BLIND.

The natural defects of our fellow-creatures are so painful to think of, or behold, that those who know anything about them, must rejoice to learn how much has been done, by humane and intelligent people, to improve their condition.

It appears that the attention of the blind, not being employed about objects of sight, is directed more intently to their other senses; so that they acquire an acuteness of hearing, a quickness of smell, and a nicety of touch, which are unknown to other persons, and by which means we are enabled to teach them things usually learned through the sight.

It is chiefly by the *touch*, however, that they have been taught these things, such as reading, writing, geography, music, and other

branches of knowledge. Besides, several arts, as to print, to spin, to weave, and to make baskets.

This is very wonderful, and it must have cost much time, labour, and patience, to the benevolent and ingenious persons who invented this mode of imparting the blessings of knowledge to those who are shut out from the ordinary means of instruction.

There are several institutions for educating the blind, and teaching them the arts of life, both in Great Britain, in Ireland, and on the Continent.

A most ingenious mode of printing has been invented to enable the blind to read by *touch*.

The letters of the alphabet are cast in iron, in relief, as it is called,—that is, the edges stand out so that the shape may be easily felt. These letters are put into wooden cases with little square divisions, called boxes, each box containing one sort of letter, or one sort of stop or figure. One case contains the capital letters, stops, and figures; the other the small letters. The

pupils soon learn to distinguish the letters from each other by touch—beginning with O as the easiest. They are then taught to distinguish the vowels from the consonants, then to form syllables, words, and sentences. When they have learned the use of separate letters, and the way of combining them into words and sentences, they go to books.

The books for the blind are printed on a very thick and strong paper, moistened till it is almost reduced to paste, in order to take a deep impression from the types or stamps of the letters, which are pressed down on it in order that they may stand out on the paper, so as to be perceived readily by the touch, and read easily by those who have previously learned their forms; thus it is they learn to read, and in this way they have been taught other languages besides their own.

For writing they have their paper fixed in a frame. At first they were unable to read what they wrote, but a blind man, Mr. Heilman, proposed to have a thick silk stretched out under the paper, which receives and

retains the traces of the letters from a stilet or pencil.

In order to teach geography to the blind, maps of pasteboard have been contrived, with the divisions of the countries marked out by wire, and the towns and islands formed by round-headed nails of different sizes.

Music is taught by notes carved in pear wood.

At the institution in Paris, the blind have been taught to print so correctly, that a book published on the subject of blindness, was printed by the blind themselves.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

As the objects of sight are explained to the blind by the sense of touch, and a printed language has been formed which they are enabled by feeling out, to read; so, for the deaf and dumb, a silent language of signs has been invented, which they can take in through the sight.

Those simple signs which uneducated mutes acquire by imitation, and make use of

to express their wants, are called their natural language—as when, for example, to express night or sleeping, they shut the eyes, and hang the head on the hand for a moment; when, to express drinking, they close round the fingers on the thumb, to form a hollow like a cup, and put it to their mouths; or when they put the finger to the mouth to express hunger, and so on.

But these natural signs do not advance them much in point of knowledge, and some kind and ingenious persons, therefore, invented for them a system of signs, to be made with the hands and fingers, which should represent the letters of the alphabet, and might be spelled into words.

Those of you who have seen the dumb use this silent language, must have admired the rapidity with which they talk on their fingers, and express to each other, and to all who have learned it, their wants, and wishes, and thoughts on different subjects, and how rapidly they receive into their minds, by the same language, the thoughts of others.

There is an institution for the deaf and

dumb at Glasnevin, near Dublin, where 130 pupils are boarded, and also a day school in Dublin. At both these places the pupils are taught to read and write, and draw, and to do many other useful things.

The blind, then, gain their knowledge of outward objects by hearing and touching, while they have also the power of speaking to help them.

The deaf and dumb, on the contrary, are dependent on the sight! But how is it with those few unfortunate beings who are shut out from all these means of intercourse with the outward world, excepting the touch;—who are blind, deaf, and dumb?

The history of one of these children of misfortune, will show you how education, in the hands of the wise and good, may triumph even over these defects, and teach the mind which would otherwise have remained for ever in a state of inactivity.

THE HISTORY OF LAURA BRIDGMAN, AN AMERICAN GIRL,

Taken from an account given of her, by her kind benefactor, Dr. Howe, who brought her to the institution for the blind at Boston, to which he devotes his time and talents.

spright-ly	in-mates	sew-ing
seiz-ed	la-bels	dex-ter-i-ty
im-i-tate	per-ceiv-ed	re-cog-ni-tion
feel-ers	ar-range	un-con-sci-ous
des-ti-tute	ap-pa-rent	con-ceal
ex-plore	man-u-al	re-pel-led
den-si-ty	anx-i-ous	car-ess-es
per-suad-ed	frol-ic	vague
be-wil-der-ed	knit-ting	in-tense

Laura Bridgman was born at New Hanover, a town in the United States of America, on the 21st December, 1829. She is described as having been a pretty, sprightly infant, with bright blue eyes.

Before she was two years old, she was seized by a violent fever, which lasted seven weeks, during which both her eyes and ears were destroyed her sense of smell almost

entirely gone, and her taste consequently much injured. It was not until four years old that she was restored to bodily health.

"But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her; no mother's smile called forth her answering smile; no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds. Parents, brothers, and sisters were to her but substances which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and in the power of moving about, and differed not even in these respects from the dog or the cat."

Apparently below the brute creation, and resembling the lower animals, who have feelers and the power of motion only, yet was there that within her of which the most sagacious brute is destitute. God had given her a mind capable of thought, capable of receiving impressions from outward objects, and in course of time, we hope, to be educated to know him.

"As soon as she could walk she began to explore the room, and then the house; she

became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every thing she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother and felt her hands and arms, as she was busy about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat every action herself. She learned to sew and knit."

At this time Dr. Howe, having heard of the child, sought her out, and persuaded her parents to bring her to the institution for the blind at Boston. She was at this time eight years old.

"For a while she was much bewildered, and after waiting about two weeks until she became familiar with her new abode, and its inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of signs by which she could interchange thoughts with others." It was determined to teach her not by natural signs, a sign for each object, that is; but by letters.

"The first experiments were made by taking things in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, &c., and pasting upon them

bits of paper or labels, with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and then, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines, SPOON, differed as much from the crooked lines, KEY, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small, separate labels, with the same words printed on them, were put into her hands, and she soon perceived that they were similar to those pasted on the articles. She showed this by laying the label KEY upon the key, and the label SPOON upon the spoon. Here she was encouraged by the natural sign of approbation, patting the head." But it is evident that memory and imitation only were exercised, that the word spoon, for example, presented no image to her mind. "After a while, instead of labels, the separate letters were given to her, they were arranged side by side so as to spell SPOON, KEY, BOOK, &c. Then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words SPOON, KEY, &c., and she did so."

"Hitherto the poor child had sat in mute

amazement, and patiently imitated every thing her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her, and her mind began to work; she perceived that here was a way by which she herself could make up a sign of any thing that was in her mind and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression."

The next step was to procure a set of letters like those before described. "Also a board with square holes in which she could place the letters, so that they could be felt above the surface; then on any article being handed to her, as a pencil, or a watch, she would select the proper letters, arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure." She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until she knew a great number of words with their meaning; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters on her fingers. After three months the following report of her was made.

"She has just learned the manual (hand) alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance, a pencil; first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it, by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand and feels her fingers as the different letters are formed; her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile when she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers and spells the word. She then takes her box of letters and arranges them for the word."

At the end of a year she had made a rapid progress. The report says, "She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds the loudest of the group. When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing; or she counts with her fingers, or spells out the names of things she has learned, on her fingers. In this lonely self communion

she seems to reason and reflect. If she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does in sign of disapprobation; if right, she pats herself on the head and looks pleased.

"During the year she has attained such great dexterity in the mute alphabet, and spells out the words and sentences she knows so fast, that only those accustomed to this language of signs, can follow her with the eye.

"With still greater ease does Laura read the words of her companions, grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. When she is walking through a passage-way with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every girl she meets. If it be a girl of her own age, and especially one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition and a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and talking upon the tiny fingers. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy and

sorrow, kissings and partings, as between children with all their senses.

"During the course of this first year, about six months after Laura Bridgman had left home, her mother came to visit her; she stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes on her unfortunate child, who, unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her child did not know her. She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home; this she recognised, but repelled her mother; other articles from home were given her; then she examined the stranger closer, and gave me to understand that she came from Hanover, but still received her caresses with indifference.

"After a while, the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that she could not be a

stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance expressed intense anxiety. She became very pale, then red. At last, her mother drew her to her side and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth seemed to flash upon the child; all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, and she threw herself on her parent's bosom. After this the beads, the playthings, were utterly disregarded, and her playmates vainly tried to draw her from her mother.

"The parting afterwards was very painful, though Laura showed great resolution as well as affection."

Laura has since learned to write. A gentleman and lady from Europe, who had visited her a year before, came to see her; she felt their dress and recognised them, and wrote with a pencil, "Laura glad see Coombe."

Let thy repentance be without delay;
If thou defer it to another day,

Thou must repent for a day more of sin,
While a day less remains to do it in.
To be religious something it will cost,
Some riches, honours, pleasures, will be lost;
But if thou countest the sum total o'er,
Not to be so will cost a great deal more.

BYROM.

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